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*In which are combined and consolidated*  
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, AND NATIONAL FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE

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## Look Out

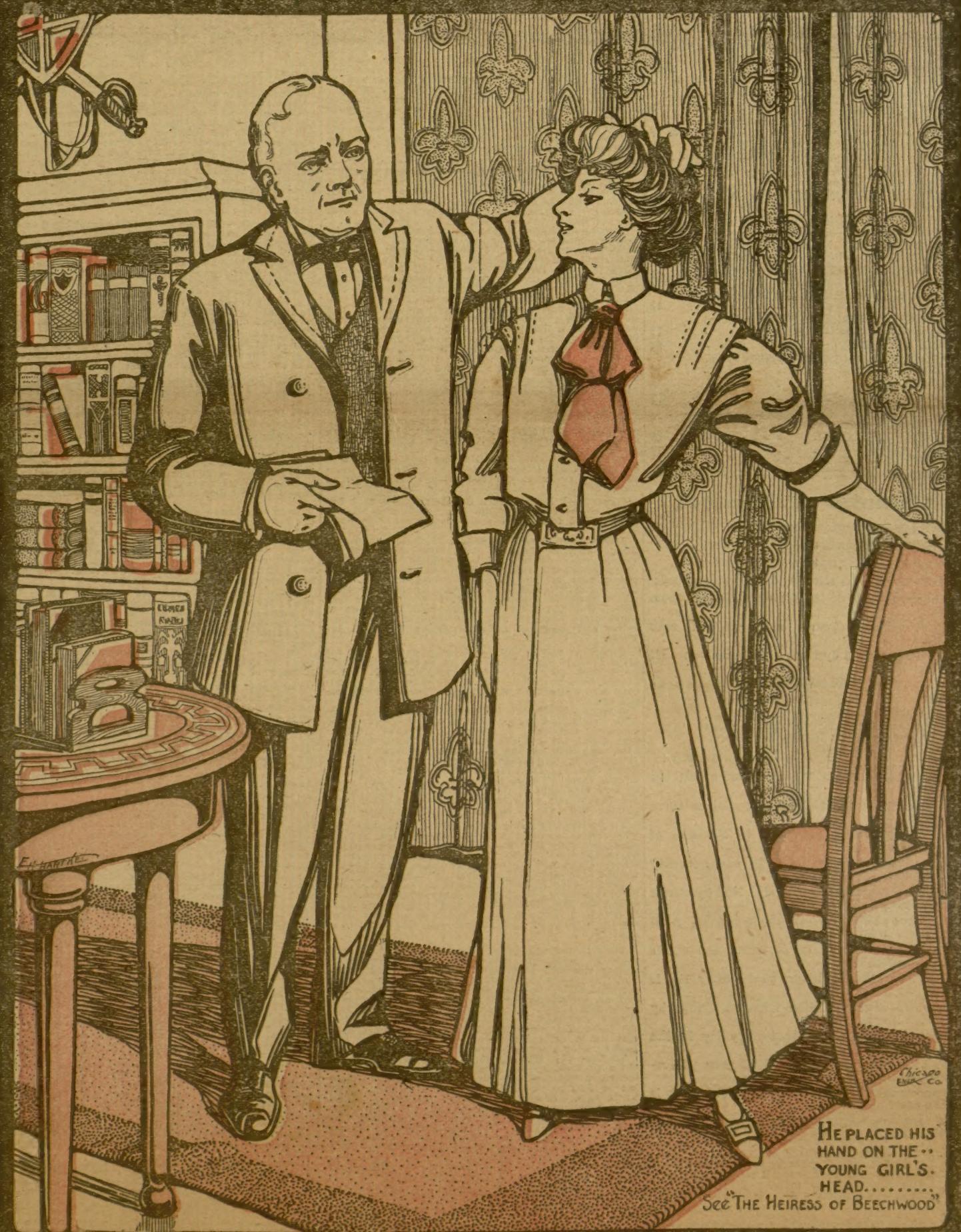
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Devoted to  
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Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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## Crumb of Comfort

Solitude is sometimes best society.  
Every brave man is a man of his word.  
Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.  
Heaven sends us misfortune as a moral tonic.  
The best throw of the dice is to throw them away.  
Grief shallows hearts even while it ages heads.  
Who overcomes by force overcomes but half his foe.  
A good face is the best letter of recommendation.

A noble heart may have no ease,  
Nor aught beside that may it please  
If freedom fail; for 'tis the choice  
More than the chosen man enjoys.  
—John Barbour.

Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues.

Trust reposed in noble natures obliges them the more.

If you desire ease, take care of the ease of your mind.

Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul.

No man was ever so much deceived by others as by himself.

All great things are not good, but all good things are great.

An acre of performance is worth the whole world of promise.

To know what lies before us in daily life is the prime wisdom.

A crowd always thinks with its sympathy not with its reason.

Write it on your heart that every day in the year is the best day.

Be a philosopher, but amid all your philosophy, be still a man.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward till the goal you win.  
—F. A. Kemble.

No pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

The virtue of the soul does not consist in flying high, but walking orderly.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

God pity the man who believes in nothing but what he can prove by scientific methods.

We are happier in the love we feel than in that which we inspire, for love is the supreme selfishness.

## VETERINARY INFORMATION



### Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

**BARRENNESS.**—I have a cow which has been barren for two years and now seems to be barren. The barrenness is caused I think by allowing her to go farrow. She comes in "heat" every twenty-one days and is perfectly well every other way. E. F.

**REPLY.**—Try effects of injecting once a week a gallon of milk warm, one per cent. solution of bicarbonate of soda into the vagina by means of a large syringe or clean hose and funnel. Sometimes better results come from injecting one pint of a strained solution of yeast that has worked in warm water for twenty-four hours. If possible have the mouth of the womb opened by someone who knows how to do the operation.

**EVICIOUS COW.**—I recently bought a three-year-old Jersey cow, which was spoiled when broken to milk. She tries to hook when milking. We have a chute to put her in, feed her shorts and corn, and have a halter on her so we tie her up, but she tosses her head in a vicious way and sometimes tries to hook when we go to tie her. She also jumps up and down with her hind feet when first commencing to milk and also every time we change tits. The man I bought her of whipped and abused her. She is better now. We rub and coax her as much as we can. We had her dehorned but have milked her since. It didn't improve her. She will be fresh soon. I would like to hear how to have her quit hooking and get gentle. N. M. C.

**REPLY.**—Put the cow in stanchions and keep her there, feeding her cut green feed as well as hay, grain and meals. If she is kept in for a few months and kindly handled and well fed she may get over it but in most instances bad habits of the sort described are permanent when thoroughly established.

**CRACKED HOOF.**—I have a nice little horse that has been used three years, has been shod all that time, but one of his front hoofs is split to the hair and other one shows signs of same trouble. He has very thin, rotten hoofs, like most red hoofs. Is there any way to stop it? Is it due to the manner in which the shoes are put on? Miss A. Y.

**REPLY.**—Prolonged drying out of hoofs weakened by rasping, burning, cutting and standing on dry board floors leads to cracking. If possible remove the shoes and stand the feet in cold water for an hour or more, two or three times daily and at night rub them well with any simple greasy hoof dressing. In one month clip the hair from the hoof heads and blister every ten days with cerate of cantharides. In less than a year new hoofs will be grown down and they may be sound. If there are "quarter cracks" a veterinarian should be employed to burn a line across the crack at the juncture of the hoof and hair and on this line burn a large, deep V in the skin of the hoof-head, the apex of the V to rest on the line at the skin. It must not be burned clear through the skin.

**REPLY.**—I have a mare that coughs when given exercise, also after eating, and breathes short but not with as much labor as a horse with heaves. When eating she seems to swallow with difficulty as though she had sore throat, and sometimes she will stop eating and stand and look at her right side as if something hurt her. R. A. H.

**REPLY.**—Wet all feed. Give her half to one ounce of glyco-heroin three times daily. Clip hair from throat from ear to ear and blister with cerate of

cantharides.

**REPLY.**—I have a mare that has lice on her and she is going down all the time, although she eats heartily. Will you please tell me something to do for her. W. B. C.

**REPLY.**—Wash the affected parts as required with a decoction of four ounces of stavesacre seeds boiled in a quart of water until liquid is reduced to one pint; then when cold add a pint of water. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash the stable.

**TICKS IN EARS.**—(1) I have a young mare that has ticks in her ears. The mare will foal soon. (2) I also have another old mare, not with foal, that had a swelling come in her lower jaw, down to the lips and I applied a liniment and it went to the upper lip and remains there yet. Could you tell me what caused the swelling and a remedy for the same? J. W. R.

**REPLY.**—We have not had experience in this matter, but would suggest an application of iodofom, one dram; and lard one ounce mixed. A careful application of chloroform also might help if used in form of fine spray. We would like to have suggestions from readers who have had success in the destruction of these little ticks of ear which we hear also prove troublesome among horses in Texas.

**FATAL DISEASE OF HOGS.**—Is there any disease like this? My hogs have been dropping dead for a year, without any cause whatever. A hog well and hearty will be dead in one day's time. If anybody can tell me anything about this trouble I would be glad to hear from them. A. E. C.

**REPLY.**—A post mortem examination should be made to determine cause of death. Hogs often die suddenly of heat apoplexy.

**CONDITON POWDER FOR HOGS.**—I saw in your columns where you had told some man there was no cure for hog cholera. I thought perhaps I would do some good in sending a cure. Madder saltpeter and sulphur, each one pound; black antimony one half pound; assafetida, two ounces. Pulverize these and mix thoroughly. To hogs sick with the cholera give one tablespoonful to each hog once a day in syrup. This remedy will also prevent cholera by giving the same dose twice a week. Hoping you will try this and tell others or have it printed in your paper so all can have the remedy. E. T.

**REPLY.**—We are sorry to say that neither this nor any other medicine or combination of medicines will cure hog cholera which every man who has had experience with the disease well knows. The mixture kindly given by our correspondent is however a good tonic and may help to prevent the disease to some degree.

**REPLY.**—I have a cow which will freshen in her milk in about two months, I think. The first of January one of her teats swelled very badly, and the sack up above this teat was swelled very badly, and was very sore. She just gave bloody looking corruption out of this for about a month and there was white matter looking strings in the milk, which I would milk from the other three teats. After about a month she did not give anything out of this teat which was so badly affected, and the milk looks all right which I milk from the other three teats now. She is giving about three quarts of milk per day. I use her milk now. Do you suppose it is healthy to matter with both her hind legs. When she walks she just drags her hind feet along like they were very stiff and sore. She won't stand up any hardly, but wants to lie down nearly all the time. She eats heartily and is in very good order. Her sack seems to be sore when I milk her. I rubbed turpentine on her both several times while it was swollen and also bathed it in strong mullein tea, made very salty. I feed her on cotton seed hulls and cotton seed meal, and let her run out in the fields and pick every day it is dry enough. She won't pick very much, though till she will lie down. I also cut her tail off in January while she was sick or she had hollow tail, also. She is a maully-headed cow. I am afraid I will lose her when she finds her calf. J. F. W.

**REPLY.**—The milk should not be used and we think it most likely that the cow has tuberculosis affecting theudder and hind parts (spine). It would be wise to have her tested with tuberculin which any veterinarian can do for you or write to the veterinarian or animal husbandman of the agricultural experiment station at Athens and they may help you to have the test made. Meanwhile rub the udder twice daily with a mixture of equal parts of olive oil, and fluid extracts of poke root and belladonna leaves.

**ENLARGED KNEE.**—I have a mare that has a large bunion on her left front knee. Can you advise me what to use to reduce it? W. D.

**REPLY.**—You do not say if the lump is hard or soft. If it is hard and the knee cannot be easily flexed then the tendon at the back of the leg lies along the muscles of the back of the forearm there is little hope of complete recovery. It would be well to remove the hair and rub in a small bit of twenty per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant and then swab with tincture of iodine. (3) Intelligent people no longer bleed horses for the ailments mentioned. Indeed it is rare indeed when bleeding will do good in any disease.

**REPLY.**—Once daily flush out the vagina with half a gallon of lukewarm two per cent. solution of permanganate of potash, after using a couple of gallons of simple warm water. In ten days change to a similar solution of coal tar disinfectant and in another ten days to one of hyposulphite of soda. Alternate these three solutions until she recovers. She doubtless was infected by the horse. Give her the tonic powder prescribed in this issue. S. H. W.

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**REPLY.**—I have a mare that jerks up her hind legs when she stands in stable, but when she has a little exercise she is all right. Can you tell me a

**LAMENESS; WORMS.**—(1) Would you please tell me through your columns what is the trouble with my eight-year-old horse from the description given here below and what treatment to apply. The horse is tender around the front part of the hoof where the flesh and hoof come or grow together, the quarters seem to be all right only about four inches of the front part of the hoof and the hoof seems to crack at the edge of the hair; when driven too hard he goes a little lame over rough roads and I also notice that there are two little lumps about the size of half a pea; it seems to be all dried up. The front part of the foot seems to be bigger than it ought to be. He is done a little in the fetlocks. (2) Would also like to ask what one would apply to clear a horse of small worms? A. subcriber. E. J. MCA.

**REPLY.**—(1) He may have a low ringbone just around hoof-head and in that case we would remove the hair and blister the part repeatedly with extract of cantharides. (2) Give a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts dried sulphate of iron, sulphur, salt and ground gentian root in the feed night and morning for a week; then skip ten days and repeat.

**LAMENESS.**—I have a horse five years old, have had him a year now and ever since I have had him he has some kind of trouble in one of his legs, he will walk as if nothing were wrong then without any apparent cause he will limp, seeming as if he could scarcely move. I have examined the leg and think there is some soreness about the stifle joint. My wife thinks it is the ligaments in the joints above the foot, something like a weak ankle in a person. J. D.

**REPLY.**—It is quite impossible to give advice in such a case as a careful examination would be required to determine the seat of the lameness and even then it might be a difficult matter to make a correct diagnosis. Under the circumstances it will be

**BARRENNESS.**—I have a cow which has been barren for two years and now seems to be barren. The barrenness is caused I think by allowing her to go farrow. She comes in "heat" every twenty-one days and is perfectly well every other way. E. F.

**REPLY.**—Try effects of injecting once a week a gallon of milk warm, one per cent. solution of bicarbonate of soda into the vagina by means of a large syringe or clean hose and funnel. Sometimes better results come from injecting one pint of a strained

solution of yeast that has worked in warm water for twenty-four hours. If possible have the mouth of the womb opened by someone who knows how to do the operation.

**BLOODY MILK.**—I have a Holstein cow that at times gives bloody milk—she had her first calf last April on the last day. Had trouble to get her with calf again, had to take her away three times before she got with calf, the last time was the 22nd of August, that will bring her fresh on the 22nd of May, but looks as if she will be fresh sooner, could she get with calf and come in heat again or do they ever do that? She gives from one and one half to two gallons of milk a day. How will I get her dry or can I how long ought she to be dry? After she was with calf she gave bloody milk out of one teat. Her first milk was good; when I went to strip her it was bloody and sometimes it was pure blood, and again just pink; then she did not give it that way for three months, now it is pink again, the milk seems good; there is no bad, disagreeable odor, only just bloody. Now when her milk looks good is it fit to use? There is no fever in her udder, no sore. What can I do for her or will she ever be any better? She gave five gallons of milk with her first calf and made eight or nine pounds of butter a week, is making now about four pounds a week. M. W. M. H.

**REPLY.**—The cow should be dried off for at least six weeks before calving and to dry her off it would be well to lessen milk making food, increase exercise and twice daily rub the udder with camphorated oil. Most people leave a little milk in the udder at each milking during the drying off process but with this cow it might be dangerous to do this but we would advise leaving her unstripped but with very little milk in the udder. As to when she will calve we cannot say and it is unlikely that she came in heat after conception. For bloody milk, after calving, give a dram of dried sulphate of iron night and morning in the feed or two drams of dilute sulphuric acid in the drinking water twice daily.

**RED WATER.**—We had a cow that passed blood in her urine, kept getting weaker and finally died. Have another with the same trouble as is also a neighbor's. Can you tell me what to do for her? Miss G. K.

**REPLY.**—Bloody urine or "red water" as it often is called is usually experienced by cows running on wild timber pasture or where the grasses are arid. A change of pasture and good feeding is required and as medicine give alum in tablespoonful doses two or three times daily as found necessary. Wild pastures should be cleared

# A Few Words by the Editor

## Fourth of July

**I**NDEPENDENCE DAY IS WITH US AGAIN. But let us pause and consider what it really is that we are celebrating with cannon crackers and fireworks. It is the anniversary of the birthday of the nation in the sense only that on the fourth day of July, 1776, our forefathers assembled in the Continental Congress by formal proclamation cut the bond of political union which previously had bound the American colonies to the mother country. But American nationality had its beginning and American liberty was conceived in the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock in 1620, which in due course of time necessarily resulted in the war of the Revolution as the labor pains attending the birth of a new nation. It has been a heroic struggle for liberty from the beginning. The early settlers, who came here seeking freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, battled successfully with savage nature and yet more savage men. In the unbroken American wilderness they built the foundations of the republic on the corner stone of liberty and equality. And when the mother country in her blind jealousy threatened their hard-earned liberty the men of 1776 defended it with the sword and perpetuated it through independence.

The war for the preservation of the Union, the third great national crisis, was the necessary consequence of sectional diversity of opinion growing into intensely bitter feeling on the slavery question. With true American heroism the weaker side yielded only when four years of the most desperate warfare in history had utterly exhausted its resources and rendered further resistance impossible. This memorable war resulted in the emancipation of the colored race and the re-establishment of the Union more strongly than ever on the broad principle of universal freedom; but who at that time could have been made to believe that the veterans of that war should live to see the liberty of the great mass of the American people menaced and jeopardized by great aggregations of corporate wealth in the form of the so-called trusts, not only dictating the rate of wages, of transportation, and arbitrarily raising the prices of the necessities of life, but also exerting a corrupting influence over our legislatures, congress and our courts.

We are now in the midst of the fourth and equally great

crisis of our national existence and the issue is, shall the people be enslaved and their liberties be usurped by the railroads, trusts and billionaires? For seven years President Roosevelt has been fighting the people's fight, pressing in the courts the prosecution of the criminal trusts and the railroads which have conspired with them in the commission of crime, and forcing an unwilling congress to enact some beneficial laws and unsuccessfully urging the enactment of still other laws for the protection of the liberties of the people.

This is not a political question, and so without regard to political affiliations every good citizen should uphold the President in this great battle. Shall a free people govern this republic, or shall the trusts rule and ruin it? Shall honest government prevail, or shall corruption destroy it?

The recent panic and hard times were caused by the discovery of wholesale corruption and dishonesty in corporation management which shook the confidence of the public. The country has had a general clean-up, and with restored public confidence business activity is being renewed. Official honesty and business integrity is the only secure means of restoring and maintaining public confidence and business prosperity. The result all depends on the spirit and determination of the people, who if they permit themselves to be oppressed they deserve it. If the people lose in the great fight that is now on the glory of the Fourth of July will be but an empty tradition not worth celebrating.

"III fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

\*\*

**J**ULY MARKS THE BEGINNING of the last half of the present year, and we may be excused if we remind our readers that we are rapidly nearing that most eventful day in COMFORT'S existence, the twenty-first anniversary of its birth, which takes place in November next. This event is naturally of intense interest to us, and we feel sure it will be of more than passing interest to our readers, many of whom have been subscribers to this magazine from its first issue. Thousands and tens of thousands of our readers have grown up with COMFORT, and ever since they can re-

member, it has been a part of their every day life, which accounts for much of the affection with which COMFORT is regarded the country o'er.

Our work for the sick and unfortunate, too, has given us a firm hold on many sympathetic hearts. A magazine must have many excellent qualities to round out twenty-one years of existence. Few of the publications in COMFORT'S field can begin to compare with it in age. COMFORT built its foundation on the hearts of its readers; it gave them what they wanted, it never broke faith with them, acted fairly and squarely with every one of its patrons, and for that reason it has lived and flourished, and achieved success, while others have withered and died.

We are anxious to reach out into fresh fields and pastures new. We enter over one million homes, but there are millions still that are COMFORT-less. It is here dear friends that you can help us and help yourselves. There is not a home in the land that will not be the better for taking COMFORT. COMFORT breathes into the home the essence of the Christian religion which radiates through our columns. COMFORT is a moral force in the community, a mighty power for good, and for that reason, dear friends, we are anxious to place COMFORT in every home around you.

We are a long, long way from the two million mark we are striving to reach with our twenty-first anniversary. Remember, only your help and cooperation can put COMFORT in two million homes by November first. For those who will help us there are many handsome premiums shown in our latest revised Premium Catalogue for which you should send. There is scarcely a thing that is needed around the house, either an article of utility or adornment, that cannot be found in our premium list. It is a steady, earnest, persistent work that is needed if we are to gain the two million mark. Will you, our loyal, devoted friends, go out among your friends and put COMFORT into all the COMFORT-less homes? You will be doing a service for us, for your friends, for yourself and for humanity. Could you find a more profitable, enjoyable or more worthy work? Will you not begin today, now?

Your friend,  
*Comfort's Editor.*

# A SPECKLED BIRD

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent. There is a clandestine marriage.

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Robert Mitchell; whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unanswered. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come." Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and Egiah Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nine Herriott. Noel Herriott will be engaged with Egiah. She only wants her father. Eliza is wakened from a sound sleep by Egiah. She hears her grandmother call "Egiah," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates. Eliza guards Egiah. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House. He inquires of Egiah and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. A sob and tears follow. Egiah recognizes in a cash boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at — Fourteenth St.

Noel and Egiah drive to a department store. Egiah makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type. A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. Noel Herriott offers to Egiah the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life. Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane, and asks to take the boy to ride. His mother refuses all help. Egiah realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for his boy. The law-free here—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognises his validity in divorce. Egiah's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. Her father warns her of bitter consequences.

Egiah questions Noel why her father resigns the senatorship. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother—" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. She cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Egiah's assurance that Mr. Herriott will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one cannot avoid. Egiah goes to walk. Herriott finds her in the old Greco-Roman theater at Alix-les-Bains and he realizes an undisguised annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Herriott to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Egiah break her heart over his selfishness.

In a street strike Mrs. Dane is seriously injured. Father Temple takes her to a hospital. Dying she forgives everything.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"IN BREAKING YOUR WILL, YOUR HEART MAY BE HEALED."

**F**OR political rancor time is not an emollient panacea. Sectional hatred bites hard on memory, as acid into copper, and the perspective of years of absence failed to alter in any degree the rough angles, ugly scars, and deep shadows that characterized the people's portrait of Judge Kent. Only those who lived in the Southern seaboard and Gulf states during the long, stinging years that followed the surrender at Appomattox can understand why the names of Grant and Sherman stirred little enmity, when compared with the unfathomable execration and contempt aroused by the civil Federal vultures that settled like a cloud over state, county, and municipal treasures. The battenning of this horde

soon reduced Southern finances and credit to a grawsome skeleton.

Judge Kent's judicial career had been disastrous to the interests of many throughout the state, and among the legions who improved their fortunes by coming South to "reconstruct and to dispense justice," he was especially detested by the citizens of Y—. To Egiah, his insistence upon returning to Nutwood was inexplicable solely on the hypothesis that speculative reverses had demanded the sale of his own property and swallowed the result; hence his resources were exhausted.

Recollection of slights, insinuations, invectives, and jeers that had imbibed her childhood did not lend beckoning glamour to the home-coming; and without the powerful protection of Mrs. Maurice's presence she suspected she was making a social plunge with no net spread to succor. Deliberately and systematically she planned the gradual renovation and, to a limited degree, the refurbishing of the beautiful old house where it now seemed her future must be spent. A new close carriage and stylish trap were shipped in advance, and Mrs. Mitchell went down to superintend preparations for occupancy of Nutwood, leaving Judge Kent and his daughter to follow a week later.

Old Aaron was stooping badly and stiff with rheumatism, but refused to relax his grasp on the butler's reins; Celle maintained her iron sway in the kitchen; her two daughters were eager to discharge the duties of housemaids, and Oliver, hopelessly bedridden, claimed that his son had the best right to succeed him as coachman.

When, on the morning after her arrival, Egiah entered the cedar-panelled dining-room, and seated herself at the head of the table, where

glittered the tall, silver coffee urn, she almost

expected to see her grandmother's face reflected there as in days gone by. Judge Kent drained

his second cup of creamless tea, held up the thin, fluted china to examine the twisted signature of the manufacturer, listened to its protest

as he carefully thumped it, and pushed it aside.

"Egiah, I do not like the room where I slept last night, and I wish a change made today."

"Very, father? I selected the handsomest room in the house for you. That has always been considered the best—set apart as the guest-chamber."

"Well, as I am not a guest, I have no desire to appropriate the perquisites. I prefer the room opening into the library."

"Not my grandfather's room—not where

grandmother hoarded sacred—"

"Exactly. I mean the museum of rebel relics.

I wish them removed at once, and my own

things unpacked and arranged there."

"Father, it was grandmother's expressed wish to keep that—"

"It is rather late to evoke sentiment in her behalf. She left nothing undone to hamper, annoy, and inconvenience us, and—"

"Father! Although I am her grandchild under protest on her part, she gave me her estate, and the room she loved ought to be reserved just as she wished."

"It is not a question for discussion, but a simply imperative matter of obedience to instructions. I must have the change made at once, and if extra help is needed Aaron will see immediately that it is secured."

Over the girl's white face flowed a deep, dull red and for a moment her slender hands covered it. Then she touched the bell at her left, and smiled bravely at the butler who answered it.

"Uncle Aaron, put a pitcher of tea on the ice, so that whenever father needs it I can have it cold. Tell Ma'm Celle I have not had such a good breakfast since I wore short skirts and my hair down my back. Her coffee was perfect, the waffles and beaten biscuit the very best I ever tasted, and the brain croquettes could not be improved."

"Yes, Missie, she thought she would please you. She don't forget how you loved waffles and honey when you used to wear bibs and set in your high chair."

Standing in the memorial room, with her arms resting on the mantel shelf, Egiah looked up at the frank, noble patrician face of General Mau-

rice, until an unsuspected undercurrent of pride and tenderness suddenly surged at the thought that his blood ran in her veins. The room that from her nursery days had always been Marcia's remained unoccupied after her death, and to this apartment Egiah and Eliza removed every cherished object Mrs. Maurice had stored in her husband's old study, arranging pictures, books, furniture as she had left them. No word of comment passed the locked lips of either woman, but when all had been adjusted, Egiah fastened the door and handed the key to Mrs. Mitchell. "You know she preferred 'Grand Dukes' and Cape Jasmynes, so we will keep some in front of the portrait, and once a week we must see that no dust collects here."

In the future, stretching before the young mistress of Nutwood gleamed two goals—friendly, social recognition of her father, and the compilation and publication of a volume containing a sketch of his career, written by herself, selected speeches delivered in Congress, and certain judicial decisions relative to Confederate property, individual and corporation, which had tarred him heavily throughout the state, where they were promulgated. To the attainment of these aims she purposed to devote her energies, believing that the accomplishment of the biographical scheme would inevitably remove the barrier of estrangement that had shut her from her father's confidence.

After a week spent in looking over Nutwood, visiting Mrs. Mitchell's home and inspecting the condition of gin houses, mills, fences, and cabins on the plantations, the appointed day arrived when Mr. Whitfield came with books and a large tin box to give a detailed account of his stewardship.

Egiah noticed that while he held and pressed her fingers cordially, he merely bowed, and seemed not to see Judge Kent's proffered hand. After the interview she understood, when Eliza told her that during the period *habeas corpus* was suspended by Federal authority the husband of Mr. Whitfield's only sister had been imprisoned for "treasonable language" by the desire and cooperation of Judge Kent, and that distress of mind and anxiety on her husband's account had precipitated the death of the wife before his release from jail.

Thin, wiry, grizzled, keenly alert, the lawyer's light-blue eyes dwelt chiefly on the girl's face, save when her father asked a question or a fuller explanation of some statement. Now and then Judge Kent, watchful but studiously debonair and suave, glanced over a paper, and once he challenged the accuracy of a computation of interest, which on revision proved correct. They were grouped around an oval table in the library, an open tin box in the center, flanked by two ledgers and piles of papers, and Egiah sat close to Mr. Whitfield's right, while her father took his place immediately opposite her.

She leaned a little forward, her arms crossed on the mahogany, and looked up steadily at the lawyer, but when he offered a paper for examination she smiled and shook her head.

"You must perceive the farcical futility of talking business to such an inexperienced girl," said Judge Kent, stretching out his hand to take a bundle of stock certificates his daughter had motioned away.

"Really you surprise me, because, from all we

have heard of her college training, I was prepared to find Marcia's child an expert."

"Father knows I can calculate interest, and that I understand bookkeeping, but he would be ashamed of me if I suspected or hunted for errors in the accounts of a friend who for so many years has kindly guarded my financial interests."

The lawyer patted her hand and smiled. "That sounds like your dear mother, and I am glad you have her low, clear voice, like the melody of a silver harp string; but your father is quite right in urging careful inspection of matters that have been so long intrusted solely to me. Now, I believe we have gone over the important points, except that railroad muddle, which is still undecided. I brought suit over a year ago, and as the new branch and spurs run through the middle of one of your best

cotton fields on Willow Creek plantation, I hope the next term of court will give us a satisfactory settlement. Boynton is an overseer of auld lang syne; a trifle lax, but our old-fashioned plantation rules are dead as Pharaoh, and he winks at lapses he cannot prevent. However, he keeps the repair machinery busy on fences and stables, the negroes like him, and you will find your leases and contracts all signed properly. Of course you are aware your grandmother left instructions that when you married, or as soon as you were twenty-one, \$5,000 should be paid to Mrs. Mitchell. I consulted the bishop, and we thought it best to defer this matter until her return to America, but it should not be delayed longer, and here is the check, which you can hand to her. With the payment of a legacy her annual allowance ends."

Egiah opened the table drawer, drew out an envelope, and laid it before him.

"Enclose, address, and seal it. Before you leave the house, please deliver it to her."

"Have you any questions to ask? Do not hesitate, if there is anything else you do not understand, anything you wish to know."

"Absolutely nothing, except an adequate way to thank you for all your patient goodness. If you can explain how I shall accomplish this, you will increase my huge debt."

Judge Kent rose and smiled benignly. "Egiah, I wonder it has not occurred to you that a proper recognition of the value of Mr. Whitfield's services ought to involve a willing and effort on your part to relieve him entirely of the burden of responsibility he has borne so long, and which, under my guidance, you are quite capable of assuming. You are of age, and the trusteeship should end at once."

For fully a moment she pondered the suggestion, then laid her hand on the lawyer's arm.

"Tell me frankly whether you prefer to surrender the management of our business affairs? Irrespective of my individual feeling, your wishes alone must decide the matter and you can best determine if the tax upon your time is too onerous."

Mr. Whitfield drew the tin box before her, and pointed to a large envelope marked "Last Will and Testament of Patricia Maurice."

"I imagine you scarcely comprehend some of the conditions that place me in a peculiarly embarrassing position. Here is the will of your grandmother; I preserved for you the original draft in her handwriting. The last page bears upon the question under discussion. Read it now, and then obey whatever your wishes, I individually shall obey them."

Judge Kent seated himself, lifted the decanter in front of him, and filled a glass.

"Meantime, will you join me in a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you; my doctor restricts me to claret."

Very slowly Egiah read the broad sheet, and her countenance changed, clouded, as she betrayed her annoyance by taking her under lip between her teeth.

"We beg your pardon, Mr. Whitfield; we had entirely forgotten that clause. Unless I marry, your trusteeship continues until I am thirty years old, should I live so long."

"Not necessarily mine. I can resign, or death may release me, but some other person would be required."

"A most unjust and absurd provision," said the judge, draining his

# Lady Isabel's Daughter or, For Her Mother's Sin A Sequel to "East Lynne"

By Mrs. Henry Wood

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halljohn. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter, Rosamond, her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother, Raymond Vane, becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fattens her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubted honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison, he wears his toy and the report is given that she dies in railings and incident. She lives crushed and disgraced. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel, in the guise of Madam Vane, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleigh's drawing-room. The countess schemed with the Earl's valet to make the yacht seaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The Earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save, and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn. Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace the Duchess of Arleigh consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Joyce says every girl meets her destiny the night she enters the world. Rowing up the stream, a yacht glides by and Isabel sees a face leaning over the rail. The memory haunts her and she hopes to look on it again. Rosamond thinks it odd that she too should meet her ideal in strange manner. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes her deadliest foe, and if there is a power in heaven to blight, she invokes it now. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and tells her Ravenswood Court will be honored by Lady Isabel's presence. It is a case of woman against woman and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own.

Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulders—what is his name? who are his parents? His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owns his home to the sisters of the hospital of St. George at Commerce. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are hasty words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives and a deadly vengeance prompts him to Arleigh Towers, where he finds his foe. Lady Rosamond knows that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half brother of Lady Isabel, whose ruin is irrevocable.

Lord Beresford requests his mother to give a ball in honor of Miss Carlyle's presentation to the queen. Isabel overhears the proud woman's refusal to recognize her and bitter enmity follows.

Lady Rosamond and Lady Isabel, accompanied by Lord Beresford, his mother and the Viscount Dynnelly, attend the opera. In La Sylphine Lady Rosamond recognises Afy Halljohn, the woman Pierre Bloushar seeks. Lady Rosamond swoons. Lord Dynnelly's admiration is cooled. Lord Beresford recognises his former valet. Pierre Bloushar. Fate leads him to the opera. Lady Rosamond wins her point. The last link is found, and the hour that Lady Isabel becomes Lord Beresford's wife sees the vengeance of a lifetime complete.

Lady Isabel strikes Lady Beresford's pride in refusing her son's offer of marriage. He pleads for her love. She declares the interview over.

## CHAPTER XVIII. (CONTINUED.)

**S**HE made a stately bow as she ceased speaking and swept by him to the edge of the great stone front. A queen could have been ne' er prouder, an empress could have dismissed him no colder, no sterner, no more dignified; and yet she loved him, she always would love him, and she knew it as surely as she ever would.

For one moment he stood like a statue—his

Mrs. abut, his face ghastly—then, with a bitter moan, he turned, and walked away. He did not speak, he did not cry out again. The Lord of Beresford had gone to death, many a time, with head uplifted—he would bear his pain and meet his doom as others of his race had borne and met theirs. He loved her and he had lost her—no matter he was a Beresford; she had dismissed him, and though he dropped dead in his tracks, he would go.

There was no word of parting. Standing by the fountain and looking back, she saw him stagger a little, as though something too heavy to bear had been laid upon his shoulders, then with a great effort, he recovered himself; the outstretched arms dropped, the drooping head lifted—he paused a moment as though to gather strength, and then, all white and still, she saw him walk away.

It was all over. The echoing footsteps passed on and were drowned in the faint throbbing of the music. She stood a moment cold, and still and frightened, and then slowly she sat down on the marble steps of the fountain and bowed her head in the moonlight.

"All over; oh, Heaven, all over, and we have parted," she moaned, in a faint, sick voice. "I have sent him away from me. I have let pride conquer love, and we have parted. Oh, what have I done? What is there left for me when he has passed out of my life? God help and pity me. I have lost my darling. I have sent him from me, and oh, I love him so—I love him so."

It was not the haughty Isabel Carlyle who spoke those words, it was a miserable creature who knelt by the fountain's brink and clasped her face between her ice-cold hands—a wretched woman bowed to earth by pride—a hopeless being who was little enough like the stately lady who stood there one moment since, and sent her darling from her.

The glimmering satin robe was crushed beneath her, the linked pearls had snapped their silken ropes and lay about her like crystallized tears; the dripping fountain showered its silvery spray over her, the moonlight sifted down and drenched the sleeping earth, but she lay face downward on the marble steps and thought of nothing, realizing nothing save that life was empty and her own pride had wrecked it.

"Miserable wretch! miserable wretch!" she broke out in a storm of grief. "Oh, that I could stand and see him suffer—to think that I could wreck his life and mine, and all to wound his mother, all to crush her pride. And he is gone—gone. I have forbidden him to look on my face again, and all for pride. No, no, no, I know it now—I cannot live without him, I cannot drive him from me. Oh, Lionel, Lionel, my darling, come back, come back, I love you."

She had half risen while speaking, and throwing out both arms as she pronounced those final words, she started forward and lifted her dead white face.

"Lionel, come back to me—I love you my darling!" she moaned with all the pathos of an empty heart. "I have repented. Come back to me, Lionel—I cannot live without you."

So, for one brief moment she sat—her arms extended, her sweet face drawn and white and anguished in the moonlight, and her eyes looking blankly down on the spot where my lord had stood.

It was empty now; there was no white face to meet hers, no willing arms extended, no drooping figure by the "trailing tropical splendor" of the great rose. The moon still penciled its arabesques of fairy silver on the shadowed pathway, the wind still played over the roses and bore the faint throb of the music on its scented wings, but my lord was gone; the spot was empty; she sat by the fountain alone. She dragged herself to her feet, faint and dizzy with pain, and crawled over to the great stone vase.

from myself. Never let pride come between us again, Lionel," he answered, solemnly. "The future shall hold nothing but love, Isabel—nothing but love and peace."

And in the terrible after-days, when the shadow of a great sin lay between them, Lionel, Lord Beresford, asked himself how he had kept that promise.

"I heard you talking beside the fountain, dear," he added tenderly, "and I know now how nearly my mother's pride came to wrecking our lives. But forget it all, Isabel. When you are Countess of Beresford, my mother will remove to Crown Leighton and yours shall be the only rule at Ravenswood."

He looked down into her sweet, fair face, expecting to see it light with pleasure, but a solemn expression had come over it and her dark eyes met his half-wistfully.

"Lionel," she said solemnly—"Lionel, let us not only forget, but forgive. Once I thought of wedding you and striking back your mother's pride so, but—but I think when I came so near losing you forever that Heaven has shown me the folly of pride. Your mother loves you dearly, she is solicitous only for your welfare, and her heart is linked to her old ancestral home. I have not been blameless, dear, and let me atone for the bitter words I have spoken so often. Will you be angry if I ask you a favor? Let your mother live on with us at Ravenswood Court; let her retain her old position and do not rob her of the glory she has held so long. It is only customary, not compulsory for the dowager Lady Beresford to retire to the jointure house, Crown Leighton. Let your mother be an exception to the rule, let me learn to love her and try to make her love me, and give her two children instead of one. You will not mind that I ask you this, will you, Lionel?"

"I shall love you and prize you more than ever," he answered, drawing her nearer, and kissing her grave, sweet face. "She is my mother, Isabel, and I have never known anything but the truest devotion from her. The young countesses of Beresford have only been too eager to rule and reign alone. It will be a new honor for Ravenswood to have a countess such as you."

"And you will ask Lady Beresford to remain, Lionel? You will tell her I want to win her love because—because she is your mother, will you not?"

"Your will shall be my law," he murmured. "On, Isabel, when I cease to love you, I pray Heaven I may die. The world holds nothing but you—my life is in your hands."

She paused suddenly and looked up into his bonny blue eyes.

"Oh, Lionel, always love me," she said, solemnly. "If I lost your love, all the world would be a wilderness and I should only want to die."

And my lord always liked to remember her as she looked when she said those words—the white September moon shining down on "gloss of satin

the midst of a most fascinating discussion." "Sir John Trevoyle may deem it what he pleases," responded my lord gravely. "I owe a duty to you and to Isabel, mother mine, and I wish to perform it immediately. Pray be seated and let me tell you all."

A duty to Isabel! At the mention of that my lady's proud, cold face paled in the moonlight, a vague presentiment chilled her heart, a dim suspicion of the truth froze itself upon her brain, and she drew herself erect with a frigid dignity. "I—I prefer to stand, Lord Beresford," she said, in a smothered voice, and looking straight at him. "Women of my race have faced death and never quailed, my lord. I—I can stand and meet mine, I fancy. Go on—let us have the tragedy over, for it is to be a tragedy, I foresee. Pray speak, Lord Beresford. I am in haste to return, and—and it is of a marriage you wish to speak, is it not?"

She was looking straight at him, all her mother-love fighting hard with pride and prejudice, and all the dead ashes of her hopes lying heavily about her heart.

"Go on, my lord," she said in a voice that was strangely calm. "It is of a love-story of a proposed union you desire to speak, is it not?"

"It is of a proposed union—yes, mother," he replied. "But pray be seated, I—

"I prefer to stand, I have said," she broke in, hastily. "Oh, that terrible music—I wish it would cease. Let us have the interview over, my lord. It sickens me to stand here, and of this proposed union!"

"My heart and life are wrapped up in it, mother. Over all the world I have won my darling's heart."

"Pray do not rhapsodize, my lord. Let us be very concise—I am in haste to return. So you love and are loved in return?"

"I love and am loved in return—yes."

"The wedding will assuredly be then?"

"Assuredly, with conviction. "My life's hopes are set upon it, mother."

"And the bride? Let us hasten, my lord; the odor of these flowers sickens me. The bride who is to take my place at Ravenswood Court, the woman who is to be the future Countess of Beresford—"

"Is Isabel Carlyle, mother—you must have known it could be no other," he answered, tenderly.

"My lady did not start, did not turn paler. She met that blow with all the ley calmness of a Beresford—her lips tightened a little, her eyes glittered a trifle more coldly, but beyond that there was no sign of emotion, nothing to tell him that life, for that proud old mother held not one hope, one joy one-spark of happiness. She laid down her crown as women of her race had laid down their heads before now, and never the headsman's axe did more deadly work than the words my lord spoke at that moment."

"Go on," she said, huskily, letting her jeweled hands drop, and standing before him in all the dull apathy of hopeless life. "My purples are resigned, my crown is removed. Kill me, Lord Beresford, but not with torture."

He made a step forward and put out his hand.

"Mother!" he gasped, "mother, I—

"Mother, I love Isabel Carlyle."

"Go on,"

"Will you not try to love her, too? Will you not soften your heart to her as hers has softened to you?" Ah, mother mine, you do not know how good Heaven has been to me; you do not realize how spotless is the heart I have won," my lord went on rapturously. "Oh, let pride no longer shadow your heart. Be my mother as of yore, bear with my love as you bore with my childish fancies, and smile as you used to when I came to you with my troubles as a boy."

"Go on."

"Mother, she would not rob you of your position—she would not deprive you of one honor you have held so long. Her own sweet lips begged that you might remain at Ravenswood, and end your days under our own ancestral roof. Her own sweet lips implored me to win you into receiving her as your daughter—implored that you would let her learn to love you and you would reign over your own home and over your children's lives and hearts. Oh, mother, soften your pride and receive my darling to your heart—throw down the barrier of ice, trample the misery of prejudice and say, 'Lionel, you shall have your way.' Mother, I am waiting for your answer. Tell me you will open your arms and receive her."

There was a moment's pause. He stood before her handsome as a Greek god, in his bold, blonde beauty; his bonny azure eyes were lifted to hers, his face shone with the majesty of a love eternal; and so, while they stood thus, a figure glided soft as the moon-lighted plaza, all glimmering satin and gleaming pearls, it came between them and sank at my lady's feet.

It was Isabel.

"Oh, Lady Beresford, listen to Lionel's words," she broke out earnestly, clasping her hands and lifting her beautiful face. "Be merciful, be kind, be true to your own noble self and let the warfare between us end forever. I have been very wicked, my lady, but, oh, I am so sorry—so very sorry for it. Oh, please let me learn to love you, please let me be your child. I have never known a mother's love, Lady Beresford, for my own dear mother died so early I have not even the memory of her sweet face. Will you not live on ever at Ravenswood Court and try to love me as you love Lionel. Oh, Lady Beresford, God has taught me how dangerous pride is—for Lionel's sake—for mine—for your own—banish it from your heart and let Ravenswood be a happy home for a noble mother and her loving children."

The sweet young voice broke down suddenly, the sweet young face bowed in the moonlight, and thus the passionate pleading ended.

My lady stood a moment, rigid as ice, colorless as marble.

"Is it over?" she asked in a dull, stifled voice. "Is the tragedy ended? Have I been insulted enough? Have I been humiliated sufficiently? and may I depart now, Miss Carlyle? No, do not speak. Accept a home at your hands? resign my position and live under the roof of Ravenswood with a country lawyer's child. Never."

"Lady Beresford!"

"Never!" reiterated the countess scornfully. "At my hands you can receive only a measureless contempt; at yours, I ask nothing, want nothing. I have lived to see a grand old name disgraced, I pass out of Ravenswood Court proud of my lineage, glorious in my son, but never while life lasts, will I cross its threshold and face the blush of shame. Your victory is quite complete, but it is only over a disdained lord, not over that lord's thrice wretched mother. Crown Leighton is my property—my dower. In your reign I shall have consideration enough not to intrude upon you—pray have the same for me. Miss Carlyle. Henceforth we are dead to each other, henceforth we are as utterly removed as though the world stood between us—from you I want nothing, of you, I would not accept a crust though I lay starving in the road."

She had not looked at my lord—she did not turn now. Gathering up her lustrous velvet, she turned with regal dignity and walked solemnly away.

Half way across the moon-lighted plaza, she stopped and looked back, and this time her eyes went straight to my lord's white face. "Good night and good, by Lord Beresford," she said solemnly. "When shame and sorrow come to you, when this low marriage has bowed you to the earth—as it surely will one day—recollect I never countenanced it. I never sullied a grand old name."

"Mother,"

"Lady Beresford, if you please, my lord. I have no son. Miss Carlyle has robbed me of him, Miss Carlyle has put him out of my life as completely as though he never existed, but she cannot rob me of the respect a stranger must give me. I am going to Crown Leighton at once. Good by, Lord Lionel Beresford—after tonight never let me look upon your face again."

She put up her hand as she spoke, and stood for one moment looking solemnly at her shat-

## BE MERCIFUL, BE KIND, BE TRUE TO YOUR OWN NOBLE SELF."

"He stood here—my darling," she murmured, bending over and pressing her lips to the earth, where his feet had rested; "he stood here and I sent him from me; I was mad enough to wreck my own worthless life, cruel enough to torture his noble heart. Oh, that picture, shall I ever sleep and not see it? Shall I ever forget you, my darling, as you stood here and took your doom from my pitiless hands? Oh, my love, my love, come back to me. Pride is past—I know it now; I cannot live without you. Come back to me, Lionel, I love you, dear, I love you."

She bent lower over the mark of his footstep and laid her dry, cold face upon it.

"Do you know do you realize?" she murmured, in a wistful, plaintive way. "I love you, Lionel—oh, come back. Say you forgive me, Lionel; say you forgive me, dear. I am kissing the earth your dear feet have trod, I am saying good by to all the earth holds dear. Oh, love, I was cruel—come back; I love you so. Open your arms to me and say 'Isabel, come' once more. I will not refuse dear—I was mad when I did. I love you Lionel; the world holds nothing else but you."

The strained, choked voice broke down suddenly; she knelt a moment in perfect silence, and then something dark came out of the shadow and walked over into the moonlight.

# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; s. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; s. l. slip a stitch; tog. together; s. l. and b. slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; p. k. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

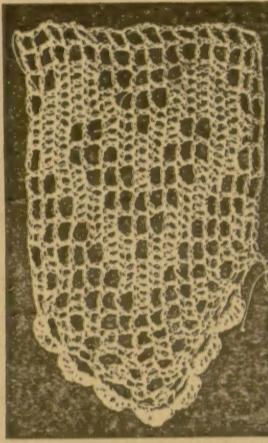
Wheel Lace

**M**AKE a chain of 30 stitches; 1 s. c. in 10th stitch from needle, 4 ch., 1 s. c. in same st., \* ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 5th st., ch. 4, 1 s. c. in same st. Repeat from \* to end of ch. Turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 3rd st. of 5 ch. of last row, 4 ch., 1 s. c. in same st. Repeat to end of row.

3rd row.—Like 2nd. Then \* ch. 10, join in ring, 4 d. c. in ring of 10 ch., make picot of 4 ch., 1 s. c. in last d. c. Repeat d. c. s. and picots twice; 4 more d. c. in ring, which half fills ring with 16 d. c. separated by 3 picots. Repeat from \* three times, then complete filling fourth ring by 16 more d. c. separated by 3 picots, fastening last d. c. of each wheel to first d. c. of same. Fill remaining 3 rings in same way, then 5 ch., 1 picot, and repeat for heading. Turn.

4th row.—Ch. and picots for heading, then 5 ch. and 1 picot between 1st and 2nd and between 2nd and 3rd picots of each wheel, all the way around and up the other side, + 5 ch., 1 picot in 3rd st. of each 5 ch. of foundation ch. Turn.



HEART LACE.

Knitted Wash Cloth

The following ideas I have used and have heard other members say so too. I hope they may be useful to someone. To make a knitted wash cloth these materials are required: Two balls knitting cotton No. 8 or 10, two steel needles medium size.

Cast on sixty-four stitches or seventy stitches.

1st row.—Knit across plain.

2nd row.—K. 8 sts., p. 6, k. 6, p. 6, k. 6, p. 6, k. 6, p. 6, k. 6, p. 6, k. 6.

3rd row.—K. 2, p. 6, k. 6, p. 6, k. 6, repeat to end of row, last two knit plain. Repeat these two rows eight times. Then reverse the pattern. A block of plain over block of purling, knit until size required, bind off, crochet simple edge around.

Knitted Bath Towel

These are very practical and useful, and the stitch is so easy a child can do it. For a large towel twelve balls of coarse knitting cotton will be needed, small size white bone or steel needles should be used. Cast on three hundred stitches. From beginning to the end knit plain the first three and last three of every needle, so as to make a selvedge. Knit the ends in any way that may be fancied. For instance seven rows of plain knitting, and seven rows of holes.

To make the holes, knit two stitches together, and put the thread over; then two together, and put the thread over across the needle, and in returning knit every stitch, the thread over the needle counting as a stitch. Then knit another plain space of seven rows, with three rows of holes, then a plain space of three rows, and then begin the towel center.

After the three selvedge stitches, knit two plain, two seam, two plain, two seam, across the needle, ending with the selvedge, and knit back in precisely the same order.

The next time (which is the third) reverse the order, knitting two seam, two plain, two seam, two plain, across the needle, knitting back in the same order. The whole center of the towel is a repetition of these, four times. The little squares of two make raised spots, which will remain if the towels are wrung lightly when washed. They should never be ironed, as it will flatten them and destroy their most desirable feature.

Make the end correspond with the first one. Do not knit much at a time, as the towel becomes somewhat heavy before it is done, but it is pretty work and most satisfactory.

MRS. J. B. LANE.

A Bead Change Purse

Beaded bags, such as our grandmothers carried and of more recent style finished with the gate tops, are very popular. These smaller ones especially are easily and quickly made. Purse silk for stringing the beads is best. One spool will make several bags of this size as shown. This bag was made of large iridescent beads and smaller gold ones. Begin by stringing three gold beads, then loop in one large one, three small, one large, three small, one large, repeating until the bag is finished. Finish



BEAD PURSE.

the top as shown and the bottom with a large bead and a fringe of the others. The string of beads can be threaded in anyway one prefers, but is very pretty if made of two strands of



HECTAGON BLOCK

long as to be cumbersome or so short that it is an annoyance. The crosspieces and strips between are usually one half the width of the square. The lining may be of the same design as the strips or as fancy dictates.

Mexican Star



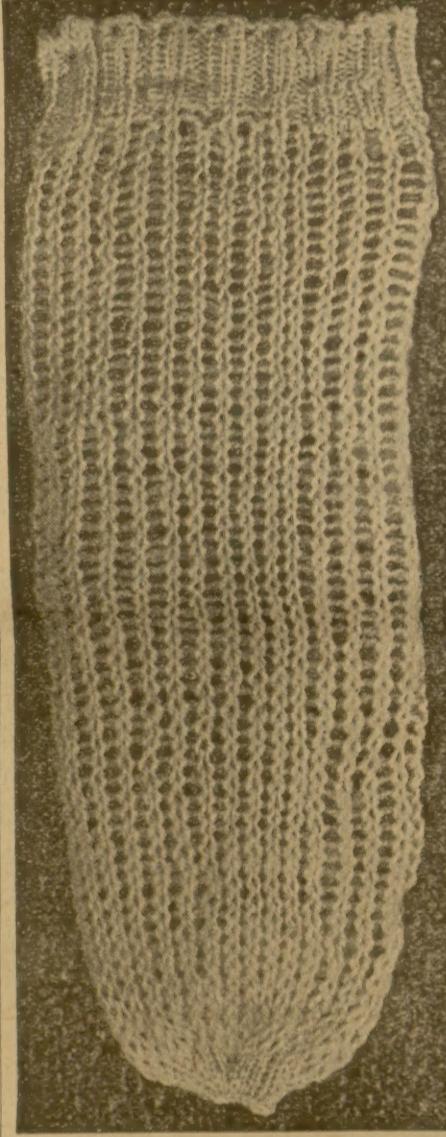
MEXICAN STAR QUILT BLOCK

This design is known as the Mexican star. The center of the block is a six-pointed star, the angles of which are fitted in with diamonds of another design and the points are formed of three pieces joined as shown in the illustration. The design could be worked out in three colors—the center of

dark blue, the diamonds of white and the points of red. Small pieces could be used to advantage and the stripes may be of white, or of some light small figured percale and when completed the maker would have the satisfaction of an attractive quilt.

Stocking for the Little Invalid

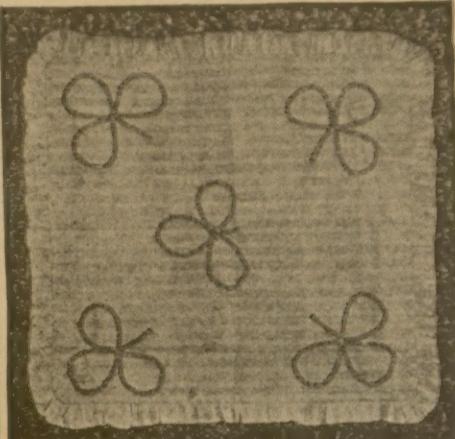
This dropped stitch knitting is called "rallroad", from the resemblance to cross-ties, where the dropped stitches are raveled out. It is the most elastic, the softest and best stocking for a child or a grown up invalid. It has no heel, nor shape, but readily adjusts itself to the shape of the limb and the foot. For a burn, rheumatism, chilblains or any ailment that causes sensitiveness, this elastic stocking of Saxony two-thread wool or silk knitting thread, once used, will always be commended.



INVALID'S STOCKING.

Clover Leaf Pillow Cover

Select any light-weight washable material, cut clover leaves from paper and paste in posi-



CLOVER LEAF PILLOW COVER.

tion, then outline with braid. Finish the edge of this case with a three inch ruffle.

A Corn-and-bean Portiere

Everyone knows what very pretty portieres may be made with shells or with nuts, but I think that I am the first woman to make a thing of beauty with common corn and beans. I picked the fairest, most perfect kernels of corn, and used many colors of beans—plain black, brown, red and white, as well as the various speckled ones. These were all carefully strung on stout linen thread, and given a coat of varnish before arranging them. Then I fastened one end of each string to a thin strip of board the color of the woodwork of the room, the shortest in the middle, and tacked the strip up in the doorway. The beans and corn might be gilded, with little bells upon the end of the string, if you liked music, or they might be made any color, or various colors. While this may not be strictly fancy work, it is work that pleases the fancy, as I have proved.

CONSTANT READER.

Directions for Making a Husher

Materials can be wool or silkatine. Make a chain when joined that can just be pulled on cover.

1st row.—Space all around by ch. 2, sl. first st. of ch., d. c. in next, repeat all round. Join.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c. in first space, 3 d. c. in each sp. Join.

3rd row.—Same as first row.

4th row.—Same as second row.

5th row.—Ch. 3 for 1st. d. c., then 1 d. c. in each of next 2 sts., ch. 2, sl. 1 st, 1 d. c. in each of next 3 sts. around. Join.

6th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c. in first sp., ch. 2, 3 d. c. in each sp. Join.

7th row.—Ch. 3 for 1st. d. c., then 2 d. c. in first sp., 3 d. c. in each sp. Join.

8th row.—Ch. 3 for first d. c., then one more in first sp., 2 d. c. in each sp. Join.

9th row.—Same as 8th row.

10th row.—Ch. 3 for 1st. d. c., 1 d. c. in each sp. Join. If this does not make it small enough for inside of cover draw together by another row of s. c. around.

For edge at top, 10, d. c. in each sp. Then make a ch. with tassels on each end long enough to tie in a bow. Run in top and tie. MRS. B.

A Watch and Eye-glass Case

Mrs. Joseph Young submitted the useful and attractive little case here illustrated. This is another example of the many homemade articles which can be developed by using pasteboard as a foundation.

Our diagram gives one the shape of the different pieces and also an idea of how they are attached. The two oblong pieces which are intended for the watch-case should be put on in such a way that they will bow out and thus form a pocket for this article. After cutting out the four different pieces, cover each neatly with velvet, plush, or any material one may have handy. Line with a lighter weight

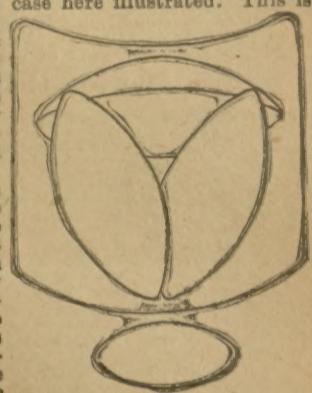


FIG. 3.

Knitted Lace

Cast on thirty-seven stitches and knit across plain.

1st row.—K. 2, o. 2, p. k. 2, n. o., k. 3, o., k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, n. o., k. 3, o., n. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

2nd row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 9, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

3rd row.—K. 2, p. 2, k. 1, n. o., k. 5, o., n. k. 1, o. 2, p. 2, k. 1, n. o., k. 5, o., n. k. 1, p. 2, k. 5, n. o., n. o., k. 2.

4th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

5th row.—K. 2, o. p. k. 3, o., n. k. 1, o., n. k. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3, o., n. k. 1, n., o., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3, o., n. o., n., o., k. 2.

6th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 7, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

7th row.—K. 2, o. 2, p. k. 4, o., k. 3 tog., o., k. 4, o., 2, p. 2, k. 4, o., k. 3 tog., o., k. 4, o., 2, p. 2, k. 3, n., o., n. o., k. 2.

8th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

9th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

10th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

11th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

12th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

13th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

14th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

15th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

16th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

17th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

18th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

19th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

20th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

21st row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

22nd row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

23rd row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

24th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

25th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2,



## Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular pieces of work, we give the plain possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in our letters published, should there be kindly notify us, and the sender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I gained several life-long friends from the writing of my last letters and I suppose their bright eyes will scan these lines, so I feel at home here. Do any of the sisters know where I could get the complete poem containing these verses:

And stooping above the precious thing,  
Murmurs a kiss within a prayer;  
Whispering softly, "Little one  
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,  
Or the love that came with the helpless one;  
Nobody weighed the threads of care,  
From which a woman's life is spun.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul;  
For here on earth no weights there be  
That could avail, God only knows  
Its value in eternity.

O mother laugh your merry note,  
Be gay and glad, but don't forget  
From baby's eyes looks forth a soul  
That claims a home in Eden yet.

I think the sentiment is fine and would give a great deal to have the entire poem. If anyone knows where I could secure it, please write me and I will reward you in any way I can.

I am twenty-three years old, have been married three and a half years and have a sweet baby girl three months old. Will some of the sisters who are near the same age, and who have small children, please write me? I would like to exchange ideas and helpful hints and love to correspond.

I wish you all a year of happiness and prosperity.

MRS. EDNA EISENBEIS, Lanark, R. D. 3, Ill.

## DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

While I am a stranger to most of you, COMFORT is no stranger to me but is a most welcome visitor and has been for years. My son, Wendell, and I have made many dear pen friends through its columns; I wish to add my thanks also, for the many beautiful quilt squares he received from you, kind friends. You should see his quilts, they are beauties. He is now in Cuba, in the U. S. Army and likes army life much. Time will expire August 6th, 1909. What has become of my pen friend, Mrs. Helen Bitney (nee) Remington. Will she please write me? Sisters I come with a shut-in friend who needs cheer, address: Mr. L. Ernest, Kings Creek, R. D. No. 1, N. C. He is not an object of charity (having an abundance of this world's goods) but pity. A piece of slate fell on him paralyzing him from his hips down. He is a great sufferer with asthma, in addition to being a cripple. He has a wife and a ten-year-old son and an aged mother. Please remember him with post cards, reading matter, cheery letters, and anything to help pass away the time. He is a good Christian man, a member of the Baptist church and a good citizen. Please let him have a perfect avalanche of cards, letters, etc., etc., and surprise him as he knows nothing of this request. I wish to give him a surprise.

MRS. LULA FRAZIER, Kings Creek, N. C.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I would like to join your circle. I have been reading all of COMFORT's letters through 1907. I would like to join the cousins, but I am too old to sit in Uncle Charlie's lap. I think he does not go to Sunday School as regularly as he ought, for see he tells his trusting nieces and nephews that "Joseph of Arimathea bore the cross of Christ" (See Feb. COMFORT, 1907). My Bible says it was Simon of Cyrene: Matthew 27, 32. But the dear old fellow meant all right. He meant to say that Joseph laid Christ's body in his own tomb. His object was to teach us to help others bear their crosses. He "jacks up" his family awfully sharp, so he ought to excuse this criticism. How the cousins love him.

I know what it is to be a shut-in, not by individual suffering, but by caring for a beloved mother through many, many weary months. Watching and grief left me nearly a nerve wreck. After her death I took up a study to take away sad thoughts. Through that study, I now have a very pleasant business.

Mrs. M. K. Hanson says she thinks her "dear dead mother's recipes are the best in the world because she used them." Shake hands with me dear sister Hanson. Love for our dear dead mothers makes us kin. My mother saved valuable recipes and also her mother, and now I have a collection that would be a fortune for me if I could get them in book form. I send two recipes for fried cakes, both good, and if dear Mrs. Wilkinson allows them to appear, please try them also my unique Imitation Maple syrup. Try it on hot griddle cakes or waffles. An old farmer once told me that when they had made their own pure maple syrup for their own use, they bought a barrel of brown sugar (had saved their red cobs beforehand) and with a little pure sap,

a lot of water, they make just gallons of pure maple syrup which they sold for \$1.25 a gallon to the gulf public. This was a rich retired farmer, and a neighbor of mine. So, make your own fake maple syrup and save your money.

One sister says she has made the acquaintance of some of the sweetest women in the world through COMFORT. I would like to do likewise. I hope you will welcome me. And now I will give a few hints.

For toothache, or neuralgia make a camphor poultice by putting a tablespoonful of flour in a teacup, wet it into a thick batter with spirits of camphor (dilute camphor if very strong) rub the cheeks with lard to prevent sticking, then apply the poultice, lie down and sleep which the relief will make you do. I have relieved many a sufferer with this simple home remedy. Apply to temples for headache.

For cold in chest. Take brown wrapping paper, grease thoroughly with lard, sprinkle ground ginger thickly over it, apply to chest, lay flannel over it.

I have a remedy for scald head which has cured when doctors failed after charging big fees. If any desire it, write to me inclosing stamps, and I will give it.

We keep a cow, and never churn, yet I have all the sweet buttermilk I want and enough for many others who love to drink it. It is a late discovery of my own, strictly original. You know buttermilk is highly recommended, but it is very hard to get in the city or town.

We keep about fifty chickens in a park twenty by forty feet. They never run out at large. They are mostly black Minorcs and Plymouth Rocks. We have eggs to supply several families besides our own. We have eggs to sell in winter when even farmers' hens go "on strike." Their grain foods are all cooked. A large kettle is set on the range, just brought to a boil, then taken out to the barn and put in a "hay stove" where it steams tender and keeps warm for the day. Our chicks never get cold food even in summer. Neighbors who keep many more than we do, have to come to us to buy eggs. We tell them how we care for them, but they think it too much trouble, but it pays when eggs are thirty-three cents a dozen. The clean cooked food makes the eggs a delicious flavor. Their house and park is kept perfectly clean. We buy street sweepings for dust bath, also use coal ashes. About once in three months the earthen floor and roosts are sprinkled freely with kerosene, this keeps them free from vermin.

Now, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, I hope I have presented a good passport that will admit me. If so, you may hear from me again. I wish I could get a personal letter (with return stamp of course) from everyone of you, cousins and all. May I have invited an inundation that will drown me. God bless each one of you.

MRS. O. C. SEELEY, Garrets, Dekalb Co., Ind.

## DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a reader of this paper for years, but have never written to this corner before. I cannot praise COMFORT too highly. Among the many magazines for which I subscribe I like none so well as COMFORT. I live in the dear old bluff city of Memphis; previous to my marriage I lived in southeastern Missouri.

I have been married over a year but have not been housekeeping but two or three months. Being just a beginner you may know how interesting the sisters' letters, recipes and hints are to me. I am making a gingham quilt and would be glad to receive scraps of gingham from any of the sisters. I will return favors in any way that I can.

I have some embroidery and quilt patterns which I would be glad to send to any of the sisters. I also have some beautiful Japanese pepper plants and shall send seeds to anyone for the asking.

Would be so glad to hear from any of the sisters. I have several Mexican recipes which I shall send for publication if anyone cares for them. I have found the following hints and recipes very valuable:

To a good handful of starch add a tablespoonful of lard, and a piece of laundry soap an inch square. After mixing with cold water, pour boiling water over, stirring constantly, and boil on the stove for ten minutes.

To prevent the irons from sticking rub them on the inside wrapper or a cake of soap.

Cream that is too thin to whip may be made to do so by adding the unbeaten white of an egg before beginning to whip it.

When boiling cabbage place a vessel with a little vinegar on the stove. This keeps the odor from filling the house.

In order to keep wild meats or game from tasting strong put a spoonful each of soda and vinegar into the water in which they are boiled.

The well beaten white of an egg added to mashed potatoes, whipping the potato hard before serving, will add to the looks and taste of the dish.

MRS. JAS. GRIFFIN, 1798 Faxon Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

## DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT:

I have been a reader of COMFORT since I was twelve years old and that was a long time ago. I wish to help some of you as you have helped me. Do any of the sisters know of a cure for rheumatism? I am bothered badly with it sometimes in my shoulders so I am unable to comb my hair for weeks at a time. I wonder if in the whole land there is one so lonesome as I am, my husband is away under the doctor's care (stomach and liver trouble). I am all alone in a seven-roomed cottage, with no company only my piano. How many of the sisters are interested in music? I would love to correspond with sisters who are studying music. Do the sisters find need of more cupboard room than they have? Here is how I made a cupboard for my tin ware. I took three small wooden boxes, set them with the bottom toward the wall, one on top of the other, nailed them together, then on top had a board cut longer by four inches and wider by two inches; this I nailed to the top box letting it project two inches each way, and then I fastened a pretty cretonne curtain, covering front and one side (mine sets in a corner), leaving an opening in front so curtain can be slid back to get inside, my curtain is hung on a wire fastened at each of three corners and there I have a roomy little tin closet and all cost me but very little.

Here is the way I make my kitchen holders. I make the holder the usual way then make a case to fit it out of some washable goods, put a loop on the open end, put my holder in this little case which fits perfectly, hang it up by the loops, when soiled I slip out the holder, wash the case and it is ready for use again; this saves washing the thick holder which takes so long to dry and then feels dry and harsh.

Do the sisters know that if a new broom is first soaked in boiling soap suds and dried either in the sun or by the stove it will prevent the breaking of the splints and make the broom last twice as long, also when sweeping to wet the broom in boiling hot water and shake before using and repeat several times while sweeping; it will make the carpet look brighter, save the dust and lengthen the life of the broom.

Do you know that a rag wet in coffee then rubbed on soap and applied to your cook stove will keep it nice and shining without getting your hands full of blacking.

I will also send recipe for making a floor paint that is almost indestructible, this paint will dry in two hours and last five years and only costs about 50 cents to paint a kitchen eighteen by twenty feet. The quantity I give painted my kitchen, bathroom, large hall and the margin in my dining-room. I put it on with a large paint brush, it don't make any difference how stained a floor is or how rough the boards or how wide the cracks are, it will cover it all.

Yellow ochre, four pounds; whiting, two pounds, sizing glue, one half pound.

After this is dry, go over with brush and boiled linseed oil, it will take a quart and a half to cover the above with paint. Put paint on good and thick with large brush, fill the cracks full

with it. If you do not like this color moderate it with lampblack or Indian red; try it sisters, it is fine.

I should be pleased to hear from any of the sisters.

MRS. N. G. LIDDINGTON, 24 Delano St., Rochester, N. Y.

## My DEAR SISTERS AND EDITOR:

Having been a constant reader of COMFORT for twelve years, and enjoying the good interesting stories and home circle letters from the kindly sisters from all over the country, I have at last begun a pleasing task long promised myself, that of writing my first letter, or in other words, seeking to join COMFORT's sisters' corner and I come with the fondest yearning to become a full-fledged member and heartily trust your doors will not be closed to me.

Each month when I read the letters they seem almost personal, and so while I feel that I almost know so many of you I am a stranger to you, so will tell you something of myself. I am in my forty-second year, am five feet, four inches tall, have black hair and eyes, and weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

My heartfelt sympathy always goes out to the suffering shut-ins, as I have had some experience as such myself. When about twenty-three years old I was attacked, on recovering from the measles, with sciatica, and was confined to my room for six months or longer. Then from various doctorings, or possibly because it had run its course, I recovered. A few years later in 1901 I had my second attack of it. This lasted for more than a year. Only those who have had experience can fully sympathize with one afflicted with rheumatism, so my tenderest feelings go out to all such, and to all who will communicate with me I will take the greatest pleasure in answering, and do all I can to console them and assist in bearing their heavy burden with patience.

I have only two children. My son will be twenty-six years old next February. When quite young he had the army craze. He served almost three years in Texas, then came an order to go to the far-off Philippines, and there he secured a discharge and was commissioned as Lieutenant in the P. I. Constabulary, serving in this for about two years. Then I think his courage failed him, when he saw his ship starting to return to the home land and leaving him so far off and among strange people. Consequently he resigned his office and once more cast his lot among his own people. As yet he has not gotten nearer than Denver, but my mother's heart bids me live in the hope of meeting him within another year; the time seems long, as it has been seven years since he left. We write regularly and his health has been good.

My only daughter and baby is now in the Murfreesboro college. She spent this past Christmas with me, the first one at home for three years.

She is just twenty-one. While it is hard to be separated from my children continually I try to console myself in the thought and hope that it is all for the best.

I now live on a farm with my second husband whom I married three years ago. Ours is a quiet life; some might say a lonely one. I, however, don't feel so very often, for I think where one's interests are they are content. We are happy, and, so to speak, shut out from much sin and worldly temptations, and the future seems hopeful and prosperous enough; yet, we like most other families, are now facing what seems to be a trial and I desire to ask a special favor of all this dear kind family, and I wish each and all who read this, whether or not they belong to the sisters' corner, would please write me, at least a line on the last day of July. Your letters could never come to one under more appropriate circumstances. If I am able I will respond to each and tell you my reason for this request, or if any good sister feeling kindly toward me wishes to write before, by all means, do so, but please do not overlook July 31.

Pattie Odum, please send me your address.

In case any of my old friends or past acquaintances read this I trust they will write to me. It will be delightful to hear from any of them.

BELLE MATTHEWS MOORE, Mackville, R. D. 1, Ky.

MY DEARS:

I was pleased to see the letter of Grandma Hattie Fowler in our May number and of the gifts received by her from our COMFORT friends. You see Grandma that we are a large, benevolent family. Write us again.

Now I don't see why we cannot get enough subscriptions in the Corner to secure at least, one chair, see COMFORT May and June numbers page nine, C. L. O. C. Though some of us may not belong to Uncle Charlie's League, I think we would like to help him along in his good work.

All of us must study up pages fourteen and fifteen of the May number and be able to secure one of those handsome lace collars or a comb, the patterns of which are certainly beautiful.

I am looking forward with great pleasure for the Jubilee number of COMFORT. I know it will have many good things in it together with the pictures of some of our handsome girls, who have taken the prize in "our Katy's beauty contest." Remember that this great number will appear in November.

Mrs. W. M. I will answer your request if you will write me enclosing stamped directed envelope.

Mrs. Anna M. Mills. Would you not like to assist me in some of my "shut-in" work? Write me and I will send you the addresses of some of the sufferers.

Viola. Your contracted waist and chest is not beautiful by any means, take my advice and relieve your compressed ribs and perhaps your already bent spine, give free expansion to the lungs, as you say you are short of breath and fear tuberculosis, and suffer from cramps of the stomach, etc. What seems to hurt your vanity more than anything else is your red nose and face, all of which comes from wearing tight corsets. If you will wear loose clothing so as to allow free action to all organs, take deep breathing exercises at an open window before dressing in the morning you will overcome all this. A corset is a waist made after the style of a child's underwaist, with buttons on which to fasten the skirts so that the weight is supported from the shoulders (there should be corresponding buttonholes on the skirts). I would like you to try my method and report.

I certainly appreciate the cards that are sent me and thank you all, but it is impossible for me to return them.

I wonder if any of us have ever thought of the different kinds of scolds. First. The constitutional scold who practices for the benefit of her health. Second. The beautiful scold, who is put out of temper because she cannot bring her complexion to its usual pitch of perfection, all of which might be avoided if she would use some of "our Katy's" cosmetics. Third. The authoritative scold, who discharges her spleen to support her dignity, and will not permit the least infringement on the prerogative of the petticoat. Fourth. The matrimonial scold, who reads certain lectures for the reformation of her husband's morals, recommended to the very ancient and numerous family of the hen-pecks. Fifth. The dramatic scold, alias stage shrew who endeavors to convince the world that she can rant as well as on stage.

# Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shifletty and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother out of trouble. Charlie's eyes flash. It is Squire Peter who sells him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moves to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie intervenes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He hoists the mainsail and the Betsy Ann stands off from the shore. Job protests. It won't do. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Heads and Horns," where there is a beach of oysters. Left alone, Charlie calls a terrible storm, the walls of a gulf. The storm swept beach a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamas, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. When Charlie ceases to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceases to be a loving woman. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Job thinks they better head for the creek. Charlie laughingly tells him he is afraid of Betsy Ann. He takes Charlie's advice and postpones the battle. Timothy Twitterton visits Job on the Betsy Ann. He is anxious to buy the clothes, a nightgown and shawl, Charlie wore when he was shipwrecked. He offers twenty dollars, and insinuates Job will want more than he can raise. He can have them if he keeps Job out of this scrape. A company wants the land and offers Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. Tim offers to raise fifty or sixty dollars and exacts a promise from Job not to tell to anyone. Job asserts his manhood. He takes the bundle to Tim. That night Job and Charlie sail for New York. There is a collision and the Betsy Ann sinks. Charlie rescues Fanny Lynmore, the adopted daughter of the owner of the yacht. Mr. Lynmore will make good Job Seagrain's loss. Fanny Lynmore is introduced to Charlie. Her mother invites him to their home. Job and Charlie sail for home in the new craft, "The Belle of the Bay." Job surprises Squire Peter. He pays the debt and costs and refuses to sell his place.

Mr. Twitterton endeavors to strengthen the opinion of the firm as to his ability. He discovers an error. Mr. Blastwood, a member of the firm, admits he made the mistake. Mr. Twitterton invites Seth Muggleton, the porter, to drink beer and questions him as to Mr. Vanderwelt's wife and lost child. He is going to write a story, "Saved from the Sea." The "Gladwing" sails from Europe and is never heard from. What is the boy's name and Mr. Twitterton piles his questions until the beer overpowers the old man. A few hours later Mr. Twitterton and Seth go home; they receive a cool reception from Miss Muggleton. Mr. Blastwood calls to see Mr. Twitterton. The cash is short and Mr. Twitterton is watched with suspicion. Seth Muggleton dies suddenly. Mr. Twitterton is sent to Staten Island to inform Mr. Vanderwelt and Mr. Lynmore of the old porter's death. He incenses both men by his stories. The next morning he receives a notice that his services are no longer required. Mr. Twitterton endeavors to convince Mr. Blastwood that he is Charles Vanderwelt, Jr. He is advised to state the argument to Mr. Vanderwelt.

"Squire Peter" buys up Job Seagrain's old bills. Charlie Seagrain examines and finds them outlawed. Job pays the balance and will not sell the place less than thirty-five hundred, and then only for that day. Job and Charlie sail for New Brighton and going to Mr. Lynmore's are surprised to find Mr. Twitterton there.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

**M**R. TIMOTHY TWITTERTON was in earnest; in thorough and desperate earnest. He actually believed he was Mr. Cornelius Vanderwelt, Jr. In fact, history, before he came to a consciousness of his existence, was so obscure, that it even seemed probable to him that he was the lost son of the millionaire. His father and mother, who had died drunkards in the Osip almshouse, had come to the place only a short time before their sad and disgraceful ending. No one in the town knew definitely where they came from, or had any knowledge of their antecedents; and efforts had been made to obtain this information in order to ascertain what town should support the paupers, and bring up the orphan child. It could not be discovered that the parents had a "residence" in the legal sense, in any town.

Mr. Twitterton had arranged the details of his brilliant scheme to conform with all the known facts in his past history. The only difficulty he experienced was in properly introducing the shawl and night dress. Mr. Vanderwelt, senior, would be likely to sift the evidence very closely. But Seth Muggleton had declared that he looked like the boy; that he had the child's nose, and hair, and eyes. Certainly he had the shawl that appeared in the portrait of the lady in the library. He had the scar on the temple, which appeared in the picture of the boy, though it was rather fresher than he wished it to be. On the whole the evidence was so strong, that Mr. Twitterton could scarcely help believing it himself; and he did not think Mr. Vanderwelt, senior, would be able to reject it. He walked rapidly on board of the steamer. When it landed on the slip at New Brighton, he hastened over the hill to the palatial residence of his assumed father.

It was not any trivial thing to face such a man as Mr. Vanderwelt, on a mission like that which had brought Mr. Twitterton to his gates; but the "son of his father" had the moral courage even to do an immoral act. He had come prepared to "face the music," and he was determined to look the harmonious instruments full in the face. In yonder mansion dwelt Miss Fanny Lynmore, "whose pure soul was to beat in unison with his own," as he phrased it to himself. Metaphorically, he was knocking at Mr. Vanderwelt's door for entrance to her heart, where peace, and joy, and Heaven, and silver clouds, and golden skies were to be his reward; and the infinite moonshine lighted up his soul and strengthened his arm—so that he had the courage to ring the bell at the gate. It was opened. The porter bowed, and admitted him. He walked across the lawn on the smoothly-gravelled walk, and rang the door-bell of the great mansion. The man-servant, in a white jacket, bowed to him, and Mr. Twitterton walked into the hall, as though he belonged there; and, indeed, he had the feeling that he was returning to his "ancestral halls."

"Mr. Vanderwelt?" said he, with all the dignity he could command.

"He is in the library, sir," replied the servant.

"I wish to see him."

"I will take your name to him, if you please."

"Say that a gentleman wishes to see him; never mind the name," added Mr. Twitterton, with a majestic wave of his hand.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but that is contrary to my orders. I must take your name to him. I believe that you are one of the gentlemen in the store."

"No, I am not," said the visitor, emphatically.

"If it is absolutely necessary to send in the name, say that Mr. Vanderwelt begs the favor of an interview with him."

"Mr. Vanderwelt!" exclaimed the man.

"I said so, Mr. Vanderwelt," repeated the clerk, with an extra swell of dignity.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you Mr. Vanderwelt?" asked the servant.

"I am Mr. Vanderwelt," answered the author of the brilliant scheme, with a lofty air and a haughty tone, which ought to have silenced the man.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I should prefer to say what Mr. Vanderwelt it is," suggested the man.

"Mr. C. Vanderwelt, Jr." said the late clerk.

This prompt answer silenced, if it did not satisfy the servant. He had a positive recollection that he had announced the gentleman be-

fore him under some other name only a few days before, though he could not now recall the name. Evidently he belonged to some branch of the Vanderwelt family of which he had never heard. He had a suspicion, too, that all was not right, and that he might get himself into trouble by want of caution. But he felt that he had taken all reasonable steps to avoid a mistake, and he knocked at the door of the library.

"Come in."

The man noiselessly opened the door, and the millionaire dropped his newspaper far enough to enable him to see over the top of it. When he saw that that it was the hall servant he waited for him to state his errand.

"Mr. Vanderwelt is in the hall, and desires to see you, sir," said the man.

"Who?" demanded the merchant, wrinkling his brows into a sea of frowns.

"Mr. C. Vanderwelt, Jr.," explained the man, so loudly and clearly that the millionaire could not misunderstand him, even if he had tried to do so.

"C. Vanderwelt, Jr.!" exclaimed the merchant, dropping his paper in his lap. "Who is he?"

"I don't know, sir. I think the gentleman has been here before, and that I announced him under another name, two or three days since, I thought he was employed in the store, but he says he is not."

Mr. Vanderwelt was perplexed. If it was one of the employees of the store, he desired to know the name of them had the impudence to assume the name of the senior partner.

"Show him in," he added, as he resumed the reading of the leader in the newspaper, though it is doubtful whether his curiosity allowed him to recover the lost thread of the article before the man reappeared with the visitor.

"Mr. C. Vanderwelt, Jr.," said the servant, bowing, as Mr. Twitterton entered the room.

"What the—what do you mean, you puppy?" demanded the merchant, savagely, as he arose from his chair, and sternly confronted the former clerk.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vanderwelt; but if I am a puppy, I will not say what you are, since you are not aware of the relation subsisting between us," replied Mr. Twitterton, who had schooled himself for the present scene long enough to play his part with moderation and dignity.

"How dare you send that name in to me?" roared the insulted millionaire.

"I dare to do that which is proper and right. I beg that you will calm yourself, Mr. Vanderwelt."

"You puppy!" gasped the merchant.

"Every epithet that you apply to me will rebound upon yourself, sir."

"Do you see that door?"

Mr. Twitterton turned, glanced leisurely at the door, and then coolly seated himself in one of the large armchairs.

"I see it, sir," he replied.

"Leave the room! Leave the house!"

"If you insist upon it, Mr. Vanderwelt, I will leave the room, and leave the house, but if I do so, it will be the consequence of your mistake."

The visitor's impudence was sublime, and, in spite of himself, the rich man's attention was arrested by it. He wanted to kick him, but something deterred him from doing so.

"What's your name?" demanded the merchant.

"C. Vanderwelt, Jr."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say, sir."

The millionaire could not stand this cool assumption of equality on the part of his late clerk, and he rushed upon him, seized him by the collar, and dragged him out of the chair. Mr. Twitterton seemed to be prepared even for this unhandsome treatment, for he hardly resisted the violence of his assailant.

"Out of my house, you villain!" cried Mr. Vanderwelt, as he hurled the young man from him in the direction of the door.

"I can use no force upon you, sir," gasped Mr. Twitterton, considerably disturbed by the shaking he had endured. "I will go, sir, since you so will it: but you have used violence upon your own flesh and blood, and you will repent it in sack cloth and ashes—in sack cloth and ashes."

"How dare you call yourself by my name, you scoundrel?"

"Because your name is also mine," replied Mr. Twitterton, sadly. "I wish it were otherwise, since you vilify and abuse me. I will go elsewhere and tell the story of my wrongs."

"What do you mean by your wrongs?" asked Mr. Vanderwelt, more gently; for he was somewhat appeased by the air of submission that the young man had assumed.

"This morning I was discharged from my position in the great house of Vanderwelt & Lynmore."

"Yes, sir! By my order you were discharged," stormed the merchant. "If your business relates to your dismissal you may go."

"My business does not relate to that, though it was melancholy to be driven from the house of my own flesh and blood by the underlings of my paternal ancestor," sighed Mr. Twitterton, who had now come to the pathetic portion of the scene.

"What the—what do you mean?" demanded Mr. Vanderwelt, who was still more excited. He really wished to know what his visitor had to say, though his pride and his dignity revolted at the very thought of tolerating him another moment.

"I assure you, sir, that I mean all that I say, and shall be able to prove the truth of every statement I make," answered Mr. Twitterton, bowing in deep humility, as the tone of the mercantile prince became more gentle.

"How dare you take my name?"

"It is my name, also—C. Vanderwelt, Jr."

The merchant smiled, though the smile scarcely covered the sneer; but his curiosity had got the better of his pride and his dignity.

"What does the C. stand for?"

"For Cornelius, sir. Cornelius Vanderwelt, Jr."

"And the junior" implies that your father's name was Cornelius, and that he is still living?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Twitterton, very respectfully.

"Perhaps you belong to our branch of the family of that name?"

"Undoubtedly."

"A descendant of the Patron of Rensselaerswyck, I suppose," added the merchant.

"Unquestionably," bowed the son of his father.

"You come from a good family, Mr. — I forget your name; that under which you went when you called to see me the other day."

"That was not my name, though it was the one by which I was known during all the earlier days of my life. I have given you my true name."

"Doubtless you had a father. What was his name?"

"The same as mine."

"Cornelius Vanderwelt?"

"Yes, sir."

"By a singular coincidence that happens to be my name."

"Yes, sir."

"I was not aware that any other Vanderwelt bore my name."

"I am not aware that any other one bears it."

"Perhaps you will say next that you are my son?" added the merchant, who had not yet determined whether the young man was a knave or a lunatic.

"That is precisely what I intend to say, when the proper time comes for saying it."

"Indeed!"

"That was what I meant when I alluded to my own flesh and blood," added Mr. Twitterton.

"Was there any mark on them?" quietly asked Mr. Twitterton.

"Good heavens! Is it possible that I am father to such a simpleton?"

"You do not know me, sir."

"I don't know that I care to become any better acquainted with you. I think you have carried this piece of imposition far enough."

"As you please, sir," replied the young man, bowing low. "If you choose to spurn me from your mansion, do so; but first, look at the speaking face of her who gave me birth," and Mr. Twitterton pointed with one hand to the picture of the first Mrs. Vanderwelt, while he covered his face with the other, and appeared to weep and sob.

"You—villain!" roared the merchant, "you have carried this buffoonery far enough."

"She perished in the midnight ocean, while I was spared," groaned the son of his father, with intense emotion.

Mr. Vanderwelt was moved, in spite of himself, though his credulity was not yet touched.

"What do you know of her?" he demanded.

"I only know that she perished on the midnight ocean, when the Gladwing went down in the howl of the tempest. Child though I was, the swirl of the mad waters still lingers in my ears."

"Do you think that I am an idiot to be imposed upon by such a silly story?"

"I do not ask you to hear me, if you are not willing to do so," replied Mr. Twitterton, meekly.

"I intended to keep my secret to myself, till I could visit England, and obtain another link in the evidence which should prove me to be what I claim; though my proof is now abundant. But I was discharged from my situation this morning, and my hopes were blighted. I have labored diligently and faithfully for the firm for years, but now I must begin again at the foot of the ladder, and shall not be able to go to England when I am twenty-one. This is the only reason that I appear before you today, Mr. Vanderwelt."

"You were not far from the foot of the ladder when you were discharged," sneered the merchant.

"Do you think that I am an idiot to be imposed upon by such a silly story?"

"I do not ask you to hear me, if you are not willing to do so," replied Mr. Twitterton, meekly.

"I intended to keep my secret to myself, till I could visit England, and obtain another link in the evidence which should prove me to be what I claim; though my proof is now abundant. But I was discharged from my situation this morning, and my hopes were blighted. I have labored diligently and faithfully for the firm for years, but now I must begin again at the foot of the ladder, and shall not be able to go to England when I am twenty-one. This is the only reason that I appear before you today, Mr. Vanderwelt."



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents.

To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.

To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE



PACSIMILE OF OUR BUTTON.

WELL, children, how are ye all? The top of the morning to you all. I hope you are all doing well and putting on flesh in spite of the warm weather. We have had a hot spell here, for the last two weeks the thermometer has registered six above zero, and we are praying for a cold snap, so we can brace up and get around with some comfort.

Comfort always comes in handy winter or summer. I have been trying to comfort a young lady friend of mine, but I find it a hard job. She got very thin lately, so thin in fact that when she ate macaroni she could only swallow one stick at a time. It is tough to be thin like that.

You will be glad to know that at last Billy the Goat has got into trouble over his gluttony. He has tried to swallow Maria's merry widow hat, which measures seventy-two feet across the brim. It has lodged crossways in his throat and he is out in the back yard trying to get it up or down, but it declines to move. As he swallows so many of your letters I have no pity for him; and as our Dutch friends say it is a "choke".

In another department of the COMFORT you will remember they announced a beauty contest. I believe we have better looking boys and girls in the League than out of it, so I am going to get up a little competition on my own account. Send in your pictures, write your name, age, address, and send a short description of yourself on a separate slip of paper, also League number on the back of the picture. If the cardboard on the photograph is too dark for writing to show, paste a piece of paper on the back. Every month I will publish the photographs of the best looking boy or girl. There will be no age limit. Some old ladies are just as beautiful as some of the young ones. There is beauty in the autumn of life as well as in the spring. We will have a king and queen of beauty every month, and I will give an autographed copy of Uncle Charlie's poems to the winners, though the honor of publication is as a matter of fact sufficient. Even if you are not beautiful send in your photograph, as beauty does not always consist in regularity of features. Expression and character sometimes make a face more beautiful than physical perfection. If you are not a League member and wish to enter into this competition, send in your subscription. If your sub has expired you will have to renew or you will not be eligible. You remember in every organization unless you pay your dues you can receive no benefits. Heaven knows COMFORT's dues are small enough—twenty cents per year for the magazine, and five cents extra when you join, for your card and button. Remember, unless photographs are a decent size they do not reproduce well on our paper, as we have to use what is called a coarse screen in making the half tone cut. Now get busy, and let's see if we cannot win out in this competition, and make the beauties of the rest of the COMFORT family look like thirty cents.

Do not forget we have a lovely new League button, much handsomer than the old one. A cut of this button appears in this issue, but you can form no conception of its beauty unless you see it. Old League members who would like the new button can obtain one by sending a year's subscription and adding five cents for the button. With every card and button that is sent out to new League members, we shall from now on enclose a list of League members desiring correspondence. These lists contain hundreds of names, and they give the new members a chance to get immediately acquainted with their relatives.

Do not forget that a wheel chair is given with every thousand new members that come into the League, provided they come in within the current month. We have given two chairs away, but I am very much afraid we did not win one in June; it will be little less than a disgrace if such should be the case. I beg and implore you, all of you, each and every one, to bring a new member into this League every month. You can do it if you wish, it is your duty to do it considering the good that results from such an effort. Scores of invalid chairs are needed, and a little effort on your part will secure them. Think of those poor souls who are lying in study hot rooms on wretched mattresses, sore and weary, craving and yearning for a sight of the beautiful world that you see every day and don't appreciate. Help them to get out into the sunshine. A wheel chair will make this possible.

For only five subscriptions at twenty cents each, you can secure a book of Uncle Charlie's Poems. Now is the time to learn some good recitations for the winter months. If you want to dazzle your neighbors, and be the most entertaining boy or girl in the community, go to work and earn this book of poems, and commit a few to memory.

Remember I promised Mr. Gannett to double the League membership and get fifty thousand new subscribers toward the two million we are trying to get by November the first. I rely on you to give me all the assistance you possibly can. Do not delay or dally, get busy right now.

Now with your permission we will open a few letters and see what the cousins are doing.

CLOVIS, CALIFORNIA, April 9, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Greetings to you and all the members of your great family. I am sending you some photos of our society at Clovis, as I thought perhaps you would like to hear about the wonderful transformation wrought by COMFORT in and about Clovis. This magazine is certainly "the goods," and I want to thank you for your page which to me is most interesting. Our society is called the Clovis Comfort Club, in honor of COMFORT, our official organ, and your dear uncle have the honor of being our Grand President besides the source of our inspiration. The object of said society is to scatter sunshine and cheer by collecting all the magazines and papers we can, and sending them, about six in a roll, to different shut-ins recommended by you, and also by Miss Carolyn Nichols of Solon Springs, Wis. I will admit we are not doing much in a substantial way for these worthy people, but just as soon as our membership and funds increase sufficiently, I trust to be able to render a better report, but thus far we have sent out three thousand three hundred and thirteen papers of various kinds to seventy-four shut-ins, also twelve birthday cards. In the near future we are going to undertake a great many things, and if you do not object, I will take pleasure in informing you from time to time as to what we are doing.

Now with your permission we will open a few letters and see what the cousins are doing.

MITTIE LOVE COOP (22,001).

Mittie, we are glad to have an assistant postmistress in the League. I should love to see you handling the mail. I don't mean the two-footed males as I don't think you carry enough weight to be able to handle many of them, but I should like to see you feeding the postal cards when no one is looking. It must be lots of fun to know everybody's business and all that is going on. When I went for the mail the other day I asked the postmistress if there was anything for me, and she said: "Yes there are over one hundred postal cards." Then I said: "Please may I have them?" She said: "No, I have not read them yet, come back in a couple of hours, and I will be through."

Mittie, will you kindly tell me how much you charge for one cent stamps? Do you have any bargain sales of stamps? I asked one pretty postmistress if she would give me a stamp for nothing. She said: "Yes." I thought I was going to get the two cent article, but she got up her heel and let me have it right on the foot. I am not stuck on that kind of a stamp. Mittie, I am just tickled to death with your name. It is the cutest name I have ever heard. I am tired of living in a chicken coop. If you can accommodate me Mittie, I will exchange coops and come and coop with you. The man who married Mittie will never be homeless, he will always have a Love Coop in the family. A love coop must surely have been designed by Cupid. How about that Mittie, can I change my residence? Instead

Bravo, Ernest, I am immensely proud of you, and the other boys and girls of your COMFORT Club. You are doing a beautiful work, and you are not only benefiting others, but yourselves as well, for such work brings a reward to the doer out of all proportion to the effort put forth.

ERNEST M. HARWELL.

Ernest gets his boys and girls together on Sunday, and after the papers are wrapped up they all form in line and march to the post-office to deposit their bundles of sunshine in the mail box. On Nov. 10, no less than six hundred periodicals were mailed to one hundred shut-ins. The collecting, wrapping and mailing of this huge quantity of reading matter entailed no little effort, and considerable devotion on the part of those employed in the work. How infinitely better for those young folks to be doing this beautiful work, and being taught life's noblest duty, the service of those who love in the cause of those who suffer. It is little use teaching children by word of mouth. You can jaw for hours to children about their duty to God, country, parents and neighbors, and it all goes in one ear and out at the other, and mighty little sticks. It is ten to one most of the children's minds are wandering to ball and bat, field and bird, stream and fish pole. Now suppose instead of talking about deeds of love, the teacher sets these children doing deeds of love, they would go about it heart and soul. No dreaming now. A pound of practice is worth a million tons of theory. Once get children doing God's work, they will keep doing it, and enjoy doing it. Habit is second nature, so let the children acquire the habit of doing Christ's work, and they will take a pride and interest in it that will accomplish wonders for them and others. I can conceive no more beautiful and inspiring sight than those little ones doing up bundles of papers to send to the sick. I can imagine if Christ were to visit the earth and went to Clovis, California, how he would pause to gaze with joy upon these little

of writing poems in a chicken coop I think I will come and help you sell stamps in a love coop. We will have special stamp bargain days once a week. We will sell one cent stamps for a dime, and will make post-office orders out all day payable to ourselves. I see endless possibilities, and I suppose the cousins will also see endless possibilities, in forming a lasting acquaintance with you, but as I spoke first mind do not let me out of it in ahead of me. Keep that coop for me.

LOGGABIN, LARIMER CO., COLO., March 26, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Having read several of the cousins' letters and your answers and thought they were real nice I thought I would try and write and join the Cousins' League. I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh one hundred and fourteen pounds, have blue gray eyes, dark brown hair. Am fifteen years old. Say Uncle Charlie were you ever out West? I live way out in Colorado, fifty miles northwest of Fort Collins. Fort Collins is a town of over three thousand inhabitants. It has a sugar factory and is going to put up a paper factory. Our nearest post-office is fourteen miles from our home. I live near a mountain called Black mountain; it is nine thousand feet above sea level. We live on a ranch and have fifty head of horses, thirty-five head of cattle, one pig and forty chickens. There is a stream of water that runs through our place that is called the North Powder. In the summer we catch trout out of it. It is real nice up here in the summer. We have so many pretty flowers, and the scenery is real nice. Lots of people come up here in the summer time to camp. We have more than thirty different kinds of flowers. Our state flower is the columbine. I have five brothers and five sisters. Have two sisters and one brother younger than myself. My oldest sister at home and myself are learning to write shorthand. Some time ago we learned to play on the organ; we only took three lessons on it. The rest we learned out of the instruction book. While papa and the boys are away my sister and I do the chores. We have ten head of horses to feed and seven head of cows to milk. My mother does the work in the house while we do the chores. Have a grandmother who is eighty-five years old. Hoping to see my letter in print and hear from the cousins I will try and answer all letters. I remain your loving niece.

CORA M. YOCKEY.

Yes, Cora I have lived out West, and though I have bunions on my feet I am no tenderfoot. You say there is a stream runs through your place Cora, and that you catch trout out of the stream instead of out of it? Just think it over. You also say that you milk seven head of cows. For Heaven's sake child, how do you do that? I have seen a good many cows milked, but the milking business seems to be done in quite the opposite direction from the head. If you can extract milk from a cow's head you are certainly going some, and there is a great future before you. You cousins are certainly wonderful. One cousin milked a horse, and now Cora extracts

just bought a new carpet and were poor people, she asked me to have pity on the carpet. Just as I kissed the young lady, I heard a click. Her brother had snap shotted me in the kissing act—had the camera all fixed up, just poked the nose of it through the portieres, and caught me in the act. I said: "What does this camera business mean?" She said: "You will find out tomorrow." Next thing I was served with papers in a breach of promise suit for five thousand dollars, and the kissing photograph was produced at the trial as the chief exhibit. The judge awarded the trial the full amount, and I am still trying to pay it. Now Ray, does photography pay? Bet your life it does not. It has never paid me.

EL DORADO SPRINGS, MO., Feb. 13, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND ALL THE COMFORT COUSINS:

May I join your charmed circle? I will not describe myself except to say that I am a young matron and very happy. Have been married over five years and my husband is my lover still.

Does not that fact speak well for my ability as a homemaker?

In summer I raise chickens, ducks, flowers, and vegetables and have always done my own housework. I also make my husband's shirts, do all my own sewing and cooking and still have time to read and keep up my music.

If you will visit us next December I will give you a Christmas dinner that you won't soon forget. Roast turkey and dressing. I can make dressing in a turkey that is fit for a king. Doesn't it make your mouth water, you who seldom get a good square meal?

Perhaps you would like to know what sort of a place El Dorado Springs is? It is a summer, or rather a health resort, and people come here from all parts of the United States to drink the mineral waters of which there are several kinds.

We drink the iron water and live near the iron spring which is in the city part.

There are about thirty-five hundred permanent residents here, but a large number of floating residents—those who only stay here till they recover their health, varying from one week to two years. And then a great many people come here in summer just on a pleasure trip.

There is a good fishing lake just east of the town, with boats to rent, and a few other attractions such as band concerts every evening in the park, and moving picture shows, balloon ascensions and so on.

If your health gets bad, just come down here and drink the water with Toby and Maria, and you will get over your indigestion, caused by too high living.

We are having fine weather now, but in the spring when the grass gets green, the wild flowers are in bloom, and the trees leave, then is my favorite time of the year. Then is when our "pots" get inspired and send you their beautiful sonnets, isn't it uncle? By the way I have eight own uncles, so I don't believe I really need any more, but I know you would want me for your niece. I must not take up too much time with my first letter, for I don't suppose it will interest you enough to print it anyway. Here's wishing success to COMFORT, uncle and all the merry cousins,

CLARA E. BUSH.

Very glad to welcome you Niece Clara, to our midst. Glad to hear that there is one married couple ideally happy. Love should not end at the altar, as it usually does; it should end only at the grave. I wish all married couples were lovers still, so we could put the divorce mill out of business. I am proud that you do your own housework. Every woman ought to do that, if she is physically able. If the women of the four hundred had to do their own housework, there would be less time for monkey dinners, fool society functions, and flirting with other women's husbands. I should like to see your turkey dressing. I hope he dresses himself in fashionable attire. I should also like to see you "making dressing in a turkey." I don't think I could make dressing in a kitchen let alone inside a turkey, but there, you women are so capable you can do anything. I wish I could get a square meal. The most I can do is to get a three-cornered one. I used to live near an iron spring once. It was so full of iron, and I drank so much water, that whenever I had a cold I used to cough nails. I should like to see the floating residents you have in El Dorado Springs. They must be pretty good swimmers to keep floating around all the time. I should think they would get kind of wet after being in the water a few weeks. I am suffering from high living. The only time I ever experienced high living was when I had a bowl of soup in a balloon. Three miles in the air, that was high living for fair. Our trees in Maine do not leave, but stay right where they are. Your Western trees have more energy and get up in them, but in the effete East things are dead slow. I am glad you can cook Niece Clara, and after you have made a dressing for that turkey, if you will make some dressing for me, I shall be exceedingly obliged. I am still dressing in a barrel at present, and I don't think it is very becoming to my peculiar style of beauty. Straight fronts and hip pads would suit me better.

ROCK ISLAND, TEXAS, March 3, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

As I have never read any letter from here in your nice little paper, I thought I would write. I am five feet, weigh one hundred and seventeen pounds, have blue eyes, light hair and fair skin, and am between the age of seventeen and twenty—can you guess my age? I have two sisters and two brothers. My father died when I was quite young, and my mother is still living. I live about eight miles from Rock Island and seven miles from Garwood. My friend that lives near Garwood came over to visit me not long ago and we certainly did have a good time. We never went to sleep all night so you know we had fun, but had more fun the next day when we wanted to go to sleep and couldn't, for we went to church the next day and of course we couldn't go to sleep in church, but I thought once or twice I would go to sleep but had good luck and didn't. As this is my first letter I will ring off. Sincerely your niece,

MARGUERITE PARDON.

Marguerite I am glad you do not go to sleep in church, though I have been guilty of that offence several times myself. Years ago I was a deacon on salary in a little old-fashioned church down East. I used to sit directly under the minister's pulpit and it was my business to say Amen extra loud at the end of all the prayers, and at the end of the sermon take the bag around and chloroform the collection out of the congregation. The minister had a very weak voice, and I had had an attack of grip that winter and could not hear very well, and in addition I always went to sleep during the sermon and did not know when to wake up; so what with my ear trouble, and the parson's voice trouble, it was hard to know just how to fix things. So he had a hole drilled through the bottom of the pulpit, under which I sat, and through this hole he used to drop a bean from a bag he had provided for the purpose on to the top of my head. When the bean hit my bald spot I used to let out an "Amen" you could hear all over the country. One day the old man by accident knocked over the bag of beans, and to my utter astonishment they came pelting down on the top of my head, and the stream kept up for half an hour. I kept yelling "Amen," like a steam engine. The dominie was on his hands and knees trying to grab up the beans so as to stop the Amen chorus. I never stopped until the last bean dripped. I have never been able to look a bean in the face since. Every Sunday after that I sat at the further end of the church and the minister flagged me with a red handkerchief every time he wanted me to say "Amen." Marguerite never sleep in church. If we had real live ministers in the pulpit no one would ever want to go to sleep. If our ministers would wake up too. There would be no need to give them a bean shower.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

ANTHONY, KANS., April 1, 1908.

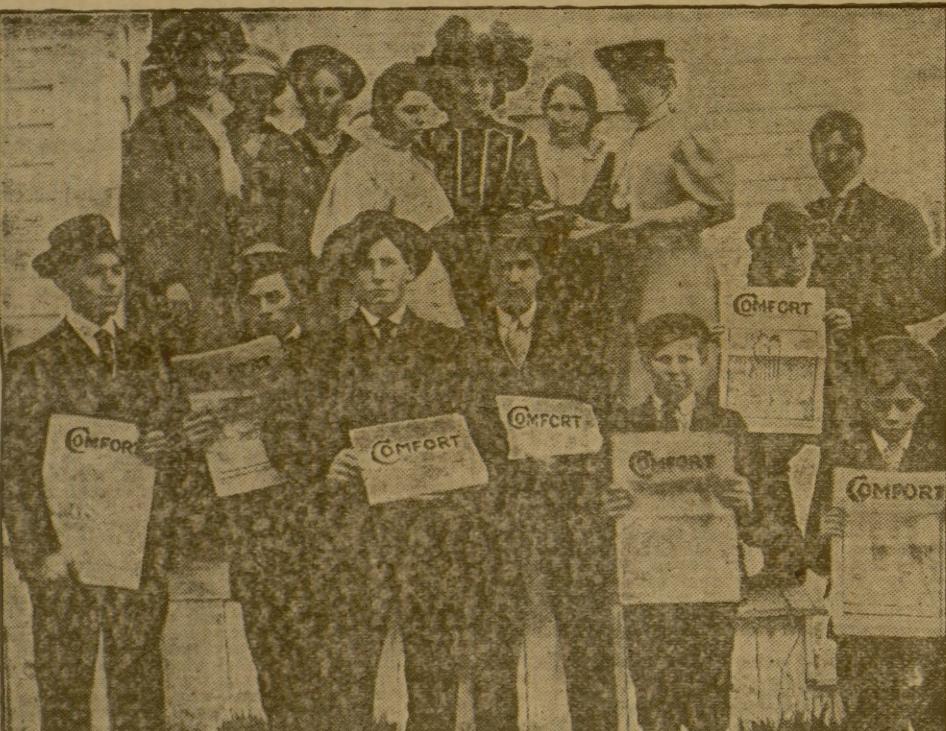
I suppose you let Billy the Goat taste my other letter, for I never saw it in print.

I have dark hair and eyes, weigh about eighty pounds, am five feet high and am thirteen years old. Now, uncle, what do you think of your little niece?

My school was out yesterday, and I don't know whether to be glad or sorry. I live two miles and a half from school, and had to ride horseback. I studied the seventh grade books this year.

I live in the country, about four miles from the little town of Anthony, which has about three thousand inhabitants, with five churches and five rail-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



COMFORT SUNSHINE SOCIETY, CLOVIS, CAL.

ones. "Children you are doing my work," the Master would say, and He would bless them and say: "Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven." I once hoped to organize COMFORT Clubs on similar lines all over the U. S., but I have neither the time nor strength, much as I would like to take up the work, so you must do it yourselves. If every village and town contained an Ernest Harwell, the work would be easy, but alas such boys as Ernest are few. Anyway you can all see what one boy has done, and now that he has set you this splendid example, I hope you will all follow in his footsteps and soon perhaps we shall have a thousand COMFORT Clubs similar to that at Clovis, California.

PITTSBURG, KY., March 26, 1908.

DEAR COUSINS:

You will please to move along and make room for a Kentucky cousin, not because I am such a very important personage, myself, but I just want to be very near uncle that I may hear every word he says, for I find he is very interesting. I am between fifteen and twenty-one years of age, have dark brown hair, blue eyes, am five feet, two inches tall, weigh eighty-three pounds. I have one sister and one brother, both older than myself. My sister is married, but comes home often. Brother owns a store at this place, and is postmaster here, while I am assistant, also help him in the store, and think it is nice work. This is the second time I have written. Billy the Goat got my first letter. Now I want to ask each and every one of my cousins to write me a long letter, and send me post cards by the bushel. Love to all the cousins, and a great big kiss for Uncle Charlie. Your own little niece,

# The Death-bed Marriage or, The Missing Bridegroom

By Ida M. Black

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CHAPTER XVII.

BIDDEN TO THE WEDDING.

**A**YEAR had passed, and October, with its crimsoned oak leaves, was again mellowing the ripened fruit around Doctor Morosini's hospitable home. It was a gala day at the Lodge—the day that was to bless the quiet, patient love of Lawyer Braddon and the gentle Marion with bridal blossoms. A day fraught with sorrow as well as joy, for to many it recalled the wedding eve of the year before—the day so replete with strange horrors, and whose mystery was not even yet explained.

Inez and her guardian were sitting out in the balcony that night, for the hundredth time she was relating every detail of the trials through which she had passed. "Aline must have been mad, I think," she continued, after a moment, sadly, "for she said that she saved him, that I would awaken him to new life. Ah, I suppose she knew not what she said. I wonder whether Captain Winters will arrive in time for the wedding. He told me he would return when I bade him to come to a wedding."

"Brighten up, my pet, he will surely come. You took my advice and did not mention the bride's name, did you not?"

"Oh, yes, I simply bade him to come to a wedding in October."

Over the broad sea a white-winged messenger sped, and a bronzed man upon whose head the snow had drifted with the years flown by, heard the summons and obeyed.

"Yes, it must be so—I will go. I am bidden to the feast. Bound to the husband of her choice, the empty ceremony of her childhood will be null and void. She need fear the old tie no longer. I will go and see the happiness I have so dearly purchased. I will go and see my little Inez a happy wife."

"She will not now, in her crowning happiness, pause to wonder at the silver glory time has placed upon my sorrowing head, and conjecture what dire tragedy bequeathed it to me."

The warm kiss of the October sun was on lawn and garden, the pale leaves of the late roses were drifting in fragrant heaps upon the quaint flower borders that were Marion's especial care.

The tide was coming in on the shore beyond, the sun shining over the sea. Inez had gone thither, for a moment of solitude, and seating herself upon a large flat rock took up her guitar, and began a low, sweet miserere, in a weird minor key, that seemed to be caught up beyond, re-echoed by every wavelot on the far-stretching sheen of the rippling sea.

The overwhelming pathos of the tones, as they drifted to the ears of the stranger who had laid his hand upon the latchet of the doctor's gate, and paused for a moment ere he advanced towards the house—a tall, strongly built man, with bronzed face, and hair, whose whiteness seemed in strong contrast to his stalwart form and clear, bright eyes, affected him much as the tremolo of some organ overture in a dimly lighted cathedral.

The singer he could not see, for the thick pine forests intervening. The scene around him filled with painful memories—painful to him only, he thought bitterly—for mirth and festivity reigned now alone.

A marquee, decorated with bright tinted flags, had been raised upon the lawn, a music stand was near, and Chinese lanterns of every conceivable hue peeped out from the dark foliage of the evergreen, or fluttered amid the dying leaves of the chestnuts and oaks.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," murmured the stranger. "It is right, it is best that I should not complain. I will not mar her gladness. Love is youth's inheritance, happiness its birthright. Let the dead past bury its dead."

For a year he had taught himself to look forward to this hour as a probability. Yet now, when it was close upon him, he shrank from it, with a dread and horror past all description.

"I could have lived without her love, but I cannot bear to think that it is given to another. I never knew how dearly I loved her before. Inez, my wife, I cannot leave her go! I will claim her, I will keep her for myself if—"

But only momentary was the weakness, and his great, lofty nature came back to him, touching into gentler mood the fierce emotions that had stirred him.

He turned into the shady footpath. There was a carriage coming along the avenue. He could not meet strange faces in this first hour of his return. He walked slowly onward. An open spot in the woods near him attracted his attention, a low, iron railing surrounded a grass-grown mound—a cross of pure white marble, entwined with growing ivy. The breeze waved the green tendrils of the vine softly. As they parted, he bent forward and read the simple inscription:

ALINE.

"And their sorrow shall be turned into joy."

And this, then, was her resting place—the blessed haven into which the storm had cast her. He stood with bared head beside the lowly mound, and blessed God that the blot of a shameful death had been removed from the memory of the one that he had loved so truly.

A low sound, like that of quiet weeping started him from his reverie. He turned to see whence the weeping came.

At the foot of a spreading tree, leaned a woman. The dark mourning robes that trailed over the bright-hued leaves seemed in sad contrast with the delicate beauty of her features. She was weeping bitterly, as only those whose hearts are sadly bruised can weep.

And the man who saw her thus, forgetting all things but the tenderness, the wistful great love swelling in his heart, burst the parting branches asunder, and clasping the weeping girl in his arms, as he had done a year ago whispered:

"My Inez! My poor little snow bird, do we meet thus—thus at last?"

She gave one, low glad cry of surprise.

"Captain Winters! Oh, I am so happy, so glad you have come. My own kind nurse, how I have longed for this moment to thank you!"

"No thanks!" he interrupted. "Tell me first what is your trouble—why are you weeping? Today of all days, you should be glad and happy. Tell me all, Inez. These are not a bride's tears."

"No," she whispered sadly, "they are a widow's."

I could not bear it—the joy, the bustle, the glad preparations in the house. Marion's happiness struck my heart like a pang too sorrowful to be envy!"

"Marion? What—who—are you not the bride?"

"? Oh, no, no, no!" she answered. "That was but a little artifice of my guardian's. I must bid you to a wedding, you said. But, it is not mine!"

"And you are mourning thus for whom, Inez?"

"For my husband," she answered simply. "For one whose cruel death made me both orphaned and widowed. If you could only know all that I mourn. Only a year ago, I was awaiting him, full of hope, and pride, and joy—with love trembling in my heart, ready to be called forth by his smile. I was awaiting the good husband

who had made my young life all blest and happy, and he was cruelly murdered ere he could reach his child—his wife!"

"His child! His wife!" the captain's voice was sad and low. "Ah, little one, those loves are far apart. Better to mourn than to repine. The old man for whom you mourn might have brightened your young life with a love that you could not return."

"He was my husband," she repeated simply.

"I honored him, I obeyed him, and my heart tells me I would have loved him even—"

"Even what, Inez?"

"Even," she continued, in a low tone, "though the heart that should have been mine, was no longer his to give. I would have prayed and striven—I would have given my young heart for the resurrection of his."

"My love, my wife. Look up, Inez. Do not turn from the old man who deceived you! It is Ross Delmore, your husband, Inez, who thus claims his holy rights forevermore. I deceived you, but it was for your own sake, beloved! I was dead in the eyes of the world, saved from a dreadful death by her who lies before us. I thought the old man would be an unwelcome husband, you seemed to shrink from him, Inez even in your delirious dreams—to fear him as some constant tyrant. 'I cannot marry him' was your constant cry, the cry that pierced my heart."

"Carlos!" she said, looking up into his face wonderingly—"but it was Carlos that wanted me to marry him!"

"Ah, I see!" a radiant smile broke over the major's face. "My darling! My darling! Then it was not the old man from whom you shrank? You can love him a little? Inez, Inez, if you only knew what this year has been to me! It was as if a living heart was struggling in the tomb of the dead! Will you bid my heart arise, Inez? Here above the turf that covers her who was both my destroyer and my saviour, will our sorrow, too, be turned into joy? Sweet wife, will you be the pledge of love's resurrection?"

Ross Delmore looked down upon Inez' face as it rested against his breast, and she gazed into his dark eyes, in which a language so new, and yet so natural was spoken to her. But they were both silent, they needed no words between them, a whisper now and then, that was all, their thoughts were better uttered by the caresses he lavished upon her, in the tenderness of his great love. The dangerous spell of the moment was upon them; her soft arms were around his neck, his lips rested upon her flushed brow.

"Throth, and here he is, yer honor. Ochone; the Lord forgive me, sir, I could kape it no longer. I wint over the broad says wid my mouth shut and my heart burstin', and when I saw the black sorow ating his soul, I swore to meself that if I ever I set foot on Ameriky, 'd tell all. Here he is, sir, Major Delmore—no more of an old captain than either you or I—here he is, neither drowned, dead nor buried, wid his ould wig a-ripped off into the bushes, and a-huggin' his swatchheart, too! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

And Pat, who had delivered his entire oration without once taking breath, sank back contentedly against a tree.

Dr. Morosini, who was the first to put faith in Pat's incredible story, stepped forward.

Inez shrank back from her husband's arms, and for one moment the two friends looked at each other in silence.

"I ask nothing, Ross," said the doctor. "I guess all. I have long suspected Captain Winters of being an impostor. Look at this. I found it in Captain Winters' room at the farmhouse."

He placed in the major's hand a little ring, quaintly formed of red gold—Inez' wedding ring, with its motto:

"Forever, till death."

The major pressed the little token to his lips.

"It is my talisman," he said. "When I lost it, all hope seemed to go from me!"

Then, drawing Inez closer to him, he placed the ring again upon her finger, and whispered, with bowed head:

"Forever, till death."

And the wedding bells burst forth in glad chimes from the village steeple; the autumn moonlight fell like a benediction upon the happy group, and like faint signs the breeze stirred the ivy tendrils that clasped the snowy cross above the grave of a "Dead Love!"

THE END.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

roads. A small stream runs through our place, and in the summer us neighbor girls have lots of fun wadding in the water. I can play a little on the organ.

We are having some more built to our house. It is made of cement.

The peach trees are in bloom now, also some wild flowers. Tell the cousins to write to me. Uncle, if ever you visit Sunny Kansas be sure and visit me.

Your niece, OLO TYSOR.

Olio, I am not going to let Billy the Goat eat this, as I don't want to break your heart quite. I am glad you managed to go to school, even if you did have to go to and fro on horseback. You have five churches and five railroads in little Anthony eh? That is a railroad for each church. The people in Anthony certainly all ought to get aboard for Zion with such accommodations as that. You say that in the summer you have lots of fun "wadding" in the water. How do you wad in the water? Do you sit down and "wad" or stand up and "wad" or run around and "wad," or swim and "wad"? Honest I am all tangled up in this "wadding" business. My dictionary says that wadding is a soft, fibrous stuff used for stuffing articles of dress. I should imagine that wadding would not be much used after it had been yanked around in a river. Toby says he thinks you mean wading, but how can a dog know better than a young lady who is in the seventh grade. Clio, you must write and tell us all about this wadding business as we are very much interested. So many of the cousins write me that they can play "a little" on the organ. Will you please tell me what kind of music a little is? Is it a waltz, or a cadenza, a fugue, or overture, or what? You say you are having "some more" built to your house, and it is made of cement. Some more what? Are you having a cellar built on the roof, or a couple of attics built in the cellar. Your letter is a trifle vague, Clio, and I hope you will write and clear up the mystery, and tell us just what you are adding to your house that is made of cement. More League members I hope.

And the man who saw her thus, forgetting all things but the tenderness, the wistful great love swelling in his heart, burst the parting branches asunder, and clasping the weeping girl in his arms, as he had done a year ago whispered:

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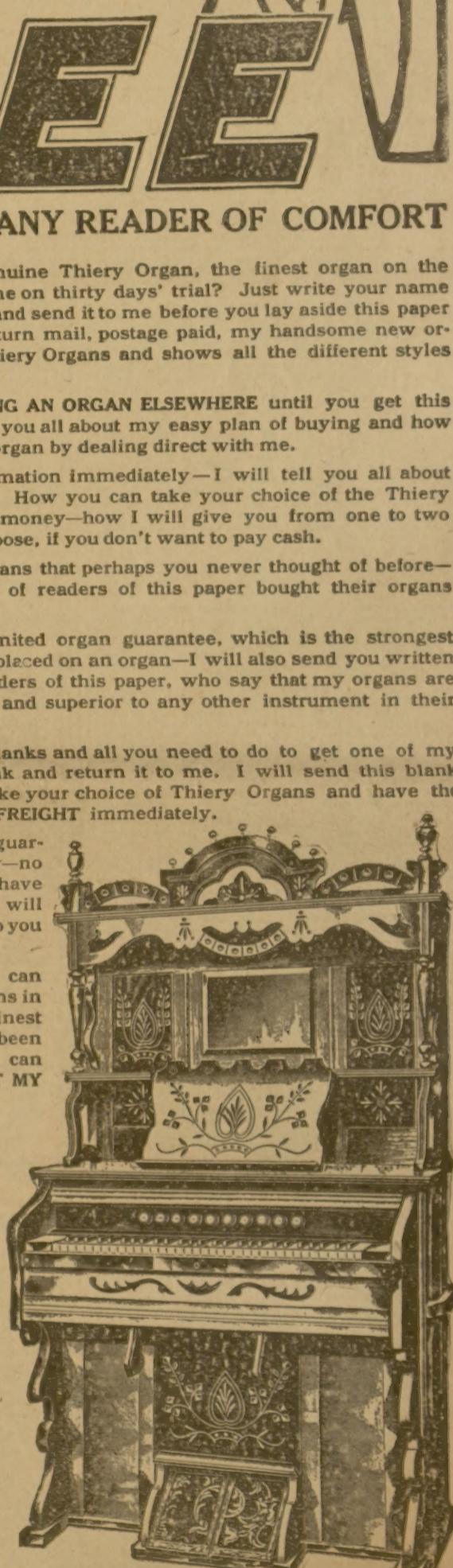
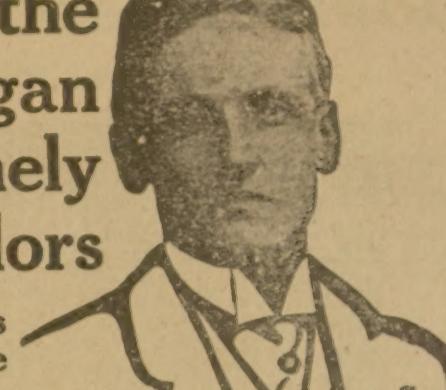
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# The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Hetty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there is no music so sweet to Richard as Hetty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit me greatly to hear from Geraldine that he had been coaxed into—

"Stop!" and Milly sprang to her feet, her beautiful face pale with anger, which flashed like sparks of fire from her dark eyes.

Involuntarily Mr. Thornton looked to see if it was the portrait come down from the canvas, the attitude was so like what he once had seen in the Milly of other days. But it was another Milly saying to him indignantly:

"He was not coaxed into it! I never dreamed of such a thing until Judge Howell hinted it to me, not twenty minutes before Milly surprised us as she did."

"Judge Howell!" Mr. Thornton repeated, beginning to get angry. "I suspected as much. I know him of old. Nineteen years ago he was a poorer man than I, and he conceived the idea of marrying his only daughter to the wealthy Mr. Thornton, and though he counts his money now by hundreds of thousands, he knows there is power and influence in the name of Thornton still, and he does not think my son a bad match for the unknown foundling he took from the street, and has grown weary of keeping!"

"The deuce I have!" was hoarsely whispered in the adjoining room, where the old Judge sat, hearing every word of that strange conversation.

He had not gone up the mountain as he intended, and had reached Beechwood just as Milly was coming down the stairs. Lucy told him Mr. Thornton was there, and, thinking it was Lawrence, he went into his library to put away some business papers ere joining his guest in the drawing-room. While there he heard the words, "You have received a letter from my son?"

"Bob Thornton, as I live!" he exclaimed. "What brought him here? I don't like the tone of his voice, and I wouldn't wonder if something was in the wind. Anyway, I'll just wait and

see what he wants."

"Milly, she missed the train; a severe snow storm came on. In her desperation she goes to Judge Howell's. She's 'come to stay.' He'll be sorry if he turns her away. If she is not troublesome she may stay for good and be rings for Rachel to open the register in the chamber above. The next morning Hepzibah and Oliver appear on the scene. Oliver begs Judge Howell to keep her; she grows into his heart, and he promises to send Oliver to college if he learns smart and she behaves herself. Milly goes to Charlestown Seminary with Lillian Veille. Three years pass and she and Lillian come home to Beechwood. Milly goes to see Oliver and confides to him that she answers Lawrence Thornton's letters written to Lillian Veille. How will it end? Milly writes a letter for Lillian inviting Lawrence to visit Beechwood. Mr. Thornton requests Lawrence to make Lillian his wife, and not fool with Milly, who is of unknown parentage. Does his father know for certain she is not the child of sister Helen? Milly admits she loves someone as much as Lillian loves Lawrence Thornton, but refuses to give his name. Lawrence goes to Beechwood. On his way he again reads the letter received from Lillian. There must be more in her heart than her conversation indicates. Lillian tells Lawrence Milly is in love and the clouds gather. Milly goes to Oliver in her trouble.

Oliver rescues Lillian from drowning; Milly hears the outcry and calling Lillian they go to Lawrence. They think he is dead and the Judge overhears Milly say, "He is mine now as much as yours." Lillian is afraid of dead folks and shrinks from going. Judge Howell is out of patience and orders Lillian back to the house and prepare the chamber for the body. Milly breathes her breath into Lawrence's lungs and he lives. Clubs tell Milly the name Lawrence speaks when he is sinking. Judge Howell enlightens Lawrence of Lillian's selfishness and Milly's devotion, and Lawrence begs if he may tell Milly of his love. His proposal to Milly is interrupted by Lillian who overhears him; she is prostrated. Lawrence and Lillian return to Boston. Lillian confides her disappointment to Geraldine. Lawrence writes to Milly asking her to be his wife. Geraldine influences Mr. Thornton to visit Milly.

## CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED.)

**E**VERYTHING works well thus far," thought Mr. Thornton; "but I wish it was over" and with a gloomy, forbidding face, he walked the floor, wondering how he should approach Milly, and feeling that the Judge at least was out of the way. "I'd rather stir up a whole menagerie of wild beasts than that old man," he said to himself, for of course he'd take sides with his so-called son-in-law sooner than with a—, wonder how long it takes to read a love letter!"

"Supper, sir," cried the colored waiter, and Mr. Thornton found his way to the dining-room.

But he was too excited to eat, and forcing down a cup of tea he started for Beechwood. Now it was another Milly he sought, and ringing the bell he inquired, "If Miss Howell was in?"

"Down to Hepy's. I'll go after her," said Luce, at the same time showing him into the drawing-room and asking his name.

"Mr. Thornton," was the reply, and hurrying off, Luce met Milly coming up the garden walk. "Mr. Thornton returned so soon!" she exclaimed, and without waiting to hear Luce's explanation that it was not Mr. Lawrence, but an old, sour-looking man, she sprang swiftly forward. "I wonder why he sent the letter if he intended coming himself?" she thought; "but I'm so glad he's here," and she stole, before going to the parlor, up to her room to smooth her hair and take a look in the glass.

She might have spared herself the trouble, however, for the cold, haughty man, waiting impatiently her coming, cared nothing for her hair, nothing for her beautiful face, and when he heard her light step in the hall he arose, and purposely stood with his back toward the door and his eyes fixed upon the portrait of her, who in that room had been made his bride.

"Why it isn't Lawrence. It's his father!" dropped involuntarily from Milly's lips, and blushing like a guilty thing she stopped upon the threshold, half-trembling with fear as the cold gray eyes left the portrait and were fixed upon herself.

"So you thought it was Lawrence," he said, bowing stiffly, and offering her his hand. "I conclude then that I am a less welcome visitor. Sit down by me, Miss Howell," he continued, "I am here to talk with you, and as time hastens I may as well come to the point at once. You have just received a letter from my son?"

"Yes, sir," Milly answered faintly.

"And in that letter he asked you to be his wife?" Mr. Thornton went on in the same hard, dry tone. "He asked you to be his wife, I say. May I, as his father, know what answer you intend to give?"

His answer was in Milly's tears, which now gushed forth plenteously. Assuming a gentler tone, Mr. Thornton continued:

"Miss Howell, it must not be. I have other wishes for my son, and unless he obeys them, I am a ruined man. I do not blame you as much as Lawrence, for you do not know everything as he does."

"Why not go to him, then? Why need you come here to trouble me?" cried Milly, burying her face in the cushions of the sofa.

"Because," answered Mr. Thornton, "it would be useless to go to him. He is infatuated as it were, to his own interest. He thinks he loves you, Miss Howell, but he will get over that and wonder at his fancies."

Milly's crying ceased at this point, and not the slightest agitation was visible, while Mr. Thornton continued:

"Lillian Veille has long been intended for my son. She knew it. He knew it. You knew it, and I leave you to judge whether under these circumstances it was right for you to encourage him."

Mildred sat bolt upright now, and in the face turned toward her tormentor, there was that which made him quail for an instant, but soon recovering his composure he went on:

"He never had a thought of doing otherwise

than marrying Lillian until quite recently, even though he may say to the contrary. I have talked with him. I know, and it astonished me greatly to hear from Geraldine that he had been coaxed into—

"Stop!" and Milly sprang to her feet, her beautiful face pale with anger, which flashed like sparks of fire from her dark eyes.

"The portrait come down from the canvas, the attitude was so like what he once had seen in the Milly of other days. But it was another Milly saying to him indignantly:

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## LOOK OUT

For August Midsummer Short Story Number of COMFORT which will contain a choice lot of short stories replete with pathos, comedy and tragedy and abounding in startling situations and incidents of strange adventure, horrible peril, miraculous escape. Read how the saintly heroine's pure love and unfaltering faith and devotion triumph as by a miracle over besetting sins and the minions of the law; how the bank is plundered and the detectives are foiled; how the beautiful heiress of a blood-stained fortune through confiding innocence hardly escapes the clutch of the fiendish villain; the misplaced confidence, a woman's folly. These stories are all complete, begun and finished in our great midsummer number which will have many more pages than this July number and will also contain all the usual editorial and department matter and serial stories too.

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If your subscription expires this month, July, this will be your last paper and you will miss this most interesting August Midsummer Short Story number unless you renew at once, NOW. Now means NOW, because our August number goes to print July 20, and we only print just enough copies to supply our subscribers. So if your subscription runs out in July and you do not renew before the first of August, you will not get that intensely interesting August Short Story Number.

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see, and if he insults Milly, he'll find himself hauled out of this house pretty quick!"

So saying the Judge sat down in a position where not a word escaped him, and the conversation went on.

"I will be plain with you, Miss Howell," Mr. Thornton said. "My heart is set upon Lawrence's marrying Lillian. It will kill her if he does not, and I am here to ask you as a favor to me and to Lillian, to refuse his suit. Will you do it?"

"No!" dropped involuntarily from Milly's lips, and was responded to by a heavy blow of the fist upon Judge Howell's fat knee.

"Well done for Spitfire!" he said. "She's enough for old Bobum yet. I'll wait a trifle longer before I fire my gun."

So he waited, growing very red in the face, as Mr. Thornton answered indignantly.

"You will not, you say? I think I can tell you that which may change your mind," and he explained to her briefly how, unless Lillian Veille were Lawrence's wife, and that very soon, they would all be beggars. "Nothing but dire necessity could have wrung this confession from me," he said, "and now Miss Howell think again.

Show yourself the brave, generous girl I am sure you are. Tell my son you cannot be his wife; but do not tell him why, else he might not give you up. Do not let him know that I have seen you. Do it for Lillian's sake, if for no other. You love her, and you surely would not wish to cause her death."

"No, no—oh, no!" moaned Milly, whose only weakness was loving Lillian Veille too well.

Mr. Thornton saw her wavering, and, taking from his pocket the letter Geraldine had prepared with so much care, he bade her read it, and then say if she could answer "Yes" to Lawrence Thornton.

Geraldine Veille knew what she was doing when she wrote a letter which appealed powerfully to every womanly tender feeling of Milly's impulsive nature. Lillian was represented as being dangerously ill, and in her delirium begging of Milly not to take Lawrence from her.

"It would touch a heart of stone," wrote Geraldine, "to hear her plaintive pleadings, 'Oh, Milly, dear Milly, don't take him from me—don't—for I loved him first, and he loved me! Wait till I am dead, Milly. It won't be long. I can't live many years, and when I'm gone, he'll go back to you.'

Then followed several strong arguments from Geraldine why Milly should give him up. Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed.

"What must I do? What shall I do?"

"Write to Lawrence and tell him no," answered

"The little gun has given out it seems, and now it's time for the cannon," came heaving up from the deep chest of the enraged Judge, and snatching from his private drawer a roll of paper, he strode into the drawing-room, and confronting the astonished Mr. Thornton, began: "Well, Bobum, are you through? If so, you'd better be trailing, if you don't want the print of my foot on your fine broadcloth coat," and he raised his heavy caftan threateningly.

"I heard you," he said, as he saw Mr. Thornton about to speak. "I heard all about it. You don't want

Milly to marry Lawrence, and not satisfied with working upon her most unaccountable love for that soft, putty-head, dough-bake, you tell her she ain't good enough for a Thornton, and bid her marry somebody who will be satisfied with the few thousands I shall probably give her.

She knew; but she did not care for her—she didn't care for anybody; and drying her tears, she was soon moving down the Cold Spring path, not lightly, joyously, as she was wont to do, but slowly, sadly, for the world was changed to her since she trod the path before, singing of the sunshine and the merry queen of May.

She found old Hepsy knitting by the door, and enjoying the bright moonlight, inasmuch as it precluded the necessity of wasting a tallow candle.

"Want to see Oliver?" she growled. "You can't do it. There's no sense in your having so much whispering up there, and that's the end on't. Widder Simms says it don't look well for you, a big, grown-up girl, to be hanging round Oliver."

Widder Simms is an old gossip!" returned Milly, adding by way of gaining her point, that she was going to "buy a pair of new, large slippers for Hepsy's corns."

The old lady showed signs of relenting at once, and when Milly threw in a box of black snuff with a bean in it, the victory was won, and she at liberty to join Oliver. He heard her well-known step, but he was not prepared for her white face and swollen eyes, and in much alarm he asked her what had happened.

"Oh, Oliver!" she cried, burying her face in the pillow. "It's all over, I shall never marry Lawrence. I have promised to refuse him, and my heart is aching so hard that I most wish I were dead."

Very wonderfully he looked at her, as in a few words she told him of the exciting scene through which she had been passing since she left him so full of hope. Then laying her head a second time upon the pillow, she cried aloud, while Oliver, too, covering his face with the sheet, wept great burning tears of joy—joy at Milly's pain. Poor, poor Oliver; he could not help it, and for one single moment he abandoned himself to the selfishness which whispered that the world would be the brighter and his life the happier if none ever had a better claim to Milly than himself.

"Ain't you going to comfort me one bit?" came plaintively to his ear, but he did not answer.

The fierce struggle between duty and self, was not over yet, and Milly waited in vain for his reply.

"Are you crying, too?" she asked, as her ear caught a low, gasping sob. "Yes, you are," she continued, as removing the sheet she saw the tears on his face.

To see Oliver cry was in these days

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It tells how to quickly relieve and cure Distressing Head Noise, Ringing and Buzzing in the Ear, Discharging Ears and Catarrh. It tells how deaf people, except those born deaf, may be restored to perfect hearing. It tells in plain, simple language how all diseases and defects may be cured such as Falling Eyesight, Catarrh, Granulated Lids, Severe Sore Eyes, etc., etc., may be successfully treated by my patients in their own homes. It tells all about my Mild Medicine Method which has cured so many Catarrh sufferers and has restored Hearing and Sight to scores of supposedly incurable patients.

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**DR. F. G. CURTS, 264 Gumbel-Curts Building, Kansas City, Mo.**

**TO OUR READERS:**—Dr. Curts has sent us the names of the following people whom he has cured and suggests that these names might be interesting to our readers as evidence of the value of his Mild Medicine Method in the treatment of Catarrh, Eye and Ear Troubles.

**CURED OF DEAFNESS**—Fred Borgman, Napoleon, Ind.; Victor Tuxworth, Plattsburgh, N.Y.; Miss Jennie Hunter, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Nan Archer, Valdosta, Ga.; Mrs. P. S. Kincaid, Table Rock, N.C.

He tells us that he has hundreds of similar references and it seems to us this is pretty strong proof he offers.

**CURED OF CROSS EYES**—Harry McCauley, 1603 Ritner St., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. G. Blain, Pratt, Kas.; Miss Pearl Columbia, Glassco, Kas.; B. J. Connery, Quincy, Ill.; James Holley, Liberty, Mo.; J. M. Stalvers, Stalvers, S.C.

**CURED OF OPTIC NERVE TROUBLE**—Mable Cole, Portland, Pa.; Everett E. Bates, Dahlhart, Tex.; A. R. Foreman, Paris, Tex.; Mrs. Bettie Cooper, Rowena, Tex.; J. C. Howard, Learned, Miss.

**CURED OF CHRONIC GRANULATED LIDS**—Nellie P. Miller, Emery, Utah; Wanchard Mayaux, Moreauville, La.; S. D. Combs, Honaker, Pa.; Mr. Lloyd Stambach, Cedar Point, Kas.; Dr. S. G. Wright, Connellville, Mo.

# ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, asks the girl to go with him. The boys mistake him for a coy coot, and Dave tells him the girl is in trouble; he'll go bail for her. Ralph will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley sole heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. The price is one half million. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a shabbily dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanwix is in rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the girl's hand. Madge struggles. In one minute Alice will be beyond human aid.

Shirley Everton is seriously disturbed. The marriage certificate bears the name of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton. It is the old, old story. The girl's station in life is hopeless; she can neither read nor write. His social position is higher. He marries and exacts an oath that she keeps his identity a secret, and that she be known as Mrs. Mason. Within two years he makes "a marriage of convenience" with Alice Fenton, the daughter of a banker, and neither wife is aware of the existence of the other. After the birth of Madge he deserts his first wife and causes a notice of his death to appear. Shirley Everton goes out to find his half sister. Dave Lane, believing him to be a master points out Alice Straight. As Everton grasps Madge, Dave Lane deals him a blow, and Madge seizing the shears severs Alice's hair, and she is saved. Shirley sees the resemblance to his father in Madge. Ralph Straight appears and demands an explanation from the millionaire.

Everton is visited by Richard Harold. For one million dollars he agrees to bring proof of Madge Mason's death. She is beguiled by a scheming woman, and under pretense, as a favored guest to a dinner, enters her carriage. A peculiar odor overpowers Madge, and she becomes unconscious.

As the woman descends from her carriage she is confronted by Johnny Brownlow. He recognizes Madge Mason who is carried in by the coachman. Madge awakens in a luxuriously furnished room. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She admits to Madge she got her there for a young man who loves her. Mrs. Fairleigh prevents Madge leaving the room. Richard Harold enters. His intention is to force Madge into a marriage. If he succeeds, his wife and father's old desire is hers. Harold talks with Mrs. Fairleigh. Leave all to her and the Everton millions will be divided between them. When she is acknowledged as Shirley Everton's widow she shares the estate evenly. The only one to interfere is Stanwix, an escaped prisoner. Dave Lane is employed by Mrs. Fairleigh. The bell rings and he admits Mr. Harold, who is closeted with Mrs. Fairleigh. He takes two vials from his pocket. She may want to bring Madge back to life again. Harold enters Madge's room. She insists upon being released. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She steps between them and forbids him to annoy her any further. Madge can go. Before they part she will say their adieux over a bottle of wine. Mrs. Fairleigh engages the girl's attention and Harold pours the contents of a vial into one of the glasses. She witnesses the act and changes the glasses. Harold takes the one intended for Madge. The glass drops from his hand and he calls for the antidote. Dave helps Madge make her escape. Harold recovers. In a few days he will see Mrs. Fairleigh mistress of the Everton fortune. She visits Shirley Everton and will present indisputable proofs that she was his father's first wife.

Shirley Everton introduces his aunt, Mrs. Stafford Everton. Mrs. Fairleigh consents to this arrangement requested by Shirley and agreed to through her lawyer. Shirley's suspicions are strengthened when the supposed aunt fails to recognize his father's portrait. Mrs. Stafford Everton receives a call and he reminds her he is known as Stanwix. Removing a wig she falls in a faint.

Ralph suggests a better position for Madge, and the next morning Madge goes to the leather department of Smith & Smith's. The saleswomen annoy her by alluding to her former life. Mr. Adams, the floor-walker, defends her.

Mrs. Fairleigh recognizes her former husband, Jerome Hurley, in Stanwix. He confesses he received the wedding certificate from Mrs. Mason and intrusted it to Richard Harold. He demands one half the estate.

It is closing time at Smith & Smith's. A showily dressed woman declares her pocket-book is stolen and accuses Madge, who denies it. Miss Moore thrusts her hand in Madge's pocket and produces the purse. The woman demands the girl's instant arrest.

Mr. Smith allows Madge to tell her story. Mr. Sharpe, a detective proves there is a plot to ruin Madge. Mr. Smith makes a proposal of marriage. Madge refuses. Her position becomes less preferable, and she resigns. Mrs. Fairleigh meets Jerome Hurley and gives him a roll of bills. Hurley orders champagne. A white powder falls into Hurley's glass. He raises the wine to his lips. The glass drops from Hurley's hands. He detects his wife's duplicity. She invites him to ride. There is a fight of steel and Jerome Hurley falls senseless to the floor. Mrs. Fairleigh secures the thousand dollars and noiselessly escapes from the carriage. Day after day passes and there is no account of the tragedy.

Madge applies to a dramatic agency. The agent gives her a fine recommendation to a well-known manager.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### ANOTHER CHANGE IN MADGE'S LIFE.

MADGE had a few purchases to make before she returned home, and it was nearly an hour after she left the agent's office that she reached the flat. Mrs. Straight met her at the door with her finger on her lips.

"There's someone in the parlor to see you, Madge," and the old lady handed her a card, upon which she read the words:

"O. B. GRAHAM  
"Apollo Theater."

Madge fairly gasped for breath. "I'm almost afraid to have you go in and tell me," quavered the timid Mrs. Straight.

"Why?" laughed Madge.

"I don't know, but I've never had a very good idea of theatrical people."

"And he looks so very terrible?"

"No, he seemed quite gentlemanly. When I told him you were out he said he'd wait a few minutes."

"Then I mustn't keep him waiting any longer."

"What you do, my child," whispered Mrs. Straight. "God grant that it be for the best."

In the mean time Mr. Graham was impatiently waiting in the little parlor.

"I was a fool to let Wattles send me on this wild goose chase. There isn't one chance in ten thousand that the girl will hit the ball. Well, time is getting short; the piece must be produced on Monday, and I guess I shall have to let old Miss Rollins, who has been reading the part, play it. But Madge only laughed again, and dismissed the matter from her mind.

It was received in a most unpleasant manner, as we shall see.

He paused, for at this moment Madge entered the room.

"Miss Mason, I suppose?" he said. "Yes, sir; I'm sorry I've kept you waiting so long."

"It was quite a long wait," he said, "but my business is of some importance, so I thought I'd stay a few moments longer. Wattles sent me here."

"I supposed so, sir."

"He tells me that you're just the person I want for a good part in 'The Slums of a Great City,' the new play that I am to produce at the Apollo Theater next Monday night. You look the part well enough, but you haven't had any experience."

"None, sir."

"That's the rub. However, if you're bright you can learn; my stage-manager would teach you everything. But, judging from my personal experience, bright girls who want to go on the stage are as scarce as hen's teeth."

"I should do my best, sir. Is the part a hard one?"

"Well, it is and it isn't. There is not much talk, but there's lots of business. You would only have two scenes in the entire play, but they are mighty good ones, and must be done well. The part is that of a newsgirl—one of those who sell papers around Park Row and the bridge. May-be we've seen them?"

Madge started.

At first she thought that Mr. Graham knew about her past life, but a glance at his serious face showed her that it was not so.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen them."

"Well, this part portrays one of those girls—young, bright, with plenty of *chic*, able to take care of herself anywhere and under any circumstances. She has a fine scene at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, where she confronts the villain and accuses him of murder, and when he tries to escape trips him up and holds him down with her foot till a policeman comes. Then she has some comedy business, too, and could work in a song just as well as not. Now, do you think you could play the part?"

"Yes," said Madge, "I could, and will if you give me a chance."

"Agreed! I believe that, as Wattles says, you have talent. Of course if you don't succeed there you have to give it up."

"I shall succeed, Mr. Graham," replied Madge, quietly.

"Well, they say that confidence is half the battle, and you seem to have that. How about salary—how much do you want?"

"I'd rather leave that to you," hesitated the girl.

"All right. As you're a beginner, and I'm taking chances on you, I guess twenty-five a week will be about the thing. What do you say to that?"

"I couldn't expect more than that," she said.

"No, I don't think you could," replied Mr. Graham, who was probably secretly sorry that he had offered more than fifteen or twenty dollars. "Twenty-five a week is very good for a novice—very good indeed. Well, I'll send you the part; it'll be here in an hour. There's so little of it that you'll easily be able to be dead-letter perfect in it by rehearsal time."

"When is the rehearsal, sir?" asked Madge.

"Ten-thirty, sharp, tomorrow morning. Good-day," and the manager abruptly took his leave.

During the rest of that day, Madge felt as if she were in a dream. More than once she slyly pinched herself to see if she was really awake.

An hour after Mr. Graham's departure the part of "Susie, the newsgirl," came.

It puzzled Madge a good deal at first, but when Ralph came home in the evening he explained all about the cues and the entrances and exits; and before she started for rehearsal in the morning she was "dead-letter perfect" in the part.

She felt sure that she would succeed, and experienced scarcely any nervousness as she thought of appearing before the crowded house that would be sure to greet her.

She proved to be very quick to learn, the stage-manager pronounced her just the one for the part, and the rehearsal went off very satisfactorily.

The company were very kind and considerate of the newcomer, with one exception—the Miss Rollins who had been reading the part, and who had expected to play it; she evidently looked upon the girl with very little favor.

But Madge did not let this annoy her; she tried to think of nothing but the work she had to do.

The first rehearsal our heroine attended occurred on a Thursday. There were four others before the performance, and at the end of the last it was agreed by everyone that Madge would make a hit.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A HITCH IN THE PERFORMANCE.

Everyone?

No, there was one who prophesied dire failure. That one was Miss Rollins, the actress who had read the part at rehearsals before Madge's engagement, and who had expected to play the part of Susie herself.

She was a veteran actress, but she had neither the talent nor the physical requirements necessary for the role.

However, she imagined that, although she was on the "shady side" of forty, she was exactly fitted for the part, and her rage knew no bounds when Madge was selected.

She did her best to conceal her anger from its object; she congratulated Madge, said she was sure she would be successful, and patronizingly offered to help her study the role.

"She's green with envy," said the leading lady to Madge. "She was sure that no one could ever supplant her in this company. She's a mean, malicious, treacherous woman, and I'm very glad that you came just when you did, my dear."

"I'm sorry she feels so badly about it," said Madge, simply.

"Oh, don't you worry about her," was the quick reply. "She'll look out for number one every time. But keep an eye on her, I advise you, for she'll play some trick on you if she gets a chance."

Madge laughed.

"I'm not afraid."

"Well, watch her anyhow."

"What trick could she play on me?"

"I don't know, but if she can't get even with you."

"I'm not afraid of her."

"You needn't fear her in an open fight, I know; but a stab in the back is what you have to look out for."

But Madge only laughed again, and dismissed the matter from her mind.

It was received in a most unpleasant manner, as we shall see.

The night of the great performance came at last. The house was crowded to the doors.

It was the work of a popular young dramatist, the theater and the company were favorites, and perhaps some interest was felt in the *debutante*, Miss Madge Mason, who, thanks to the clever manager, had received a number of excellent "press notices."

Certain it is that she drew at least a score of persons. In one of the proscenium boxes were seated Ralph Straight, his mother and his sister.

It is probable that they were more nervous than the *debutante* herself. Not that Madge was not nervous, for it must be confessed that she dreaded the coming ordeal a great deal.

She had requested her friends to precede her to the theater and to let her go alone, for she felt as if she could not speak or see anyone until her task should have been accomplished.

But beside the Straight family Madge had a number of admirers in the house.

They were not in the boxes or in the front row of the family circle.

Dave Lane had heard of Madge's coming *début*, and he had collected more than a dozen of her old Park Row friends—all of them newsboys and bootblacks—and had taken them to the theater at his own expense.

"What's her use o' havin' money ef yer don't git no fun out of it?" he said. "Boys dis is my treat, an' all I asks o' yer is dat yer just make der plaster fall when Madge comes on."

He need not have asked it, for Madge was a favorite with all, and it was a foregone conclusion that if the plaster did not fall from the ceiling of the theater when our heroine stepped upon the stage it would not be the fault of the boys.

They were all ahead of time, and had been in their places more than half an hour when eight o'clock arrived. But at that hour the orchestra did not make its appearance as usual.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes past eight came, but there were no signs of the commencement of the performance. People began to shift about uneasily in their seats, and to give other indications of impatience.

"Fellers," said Dave, addressing his companions, "dere's a screw loose somewhere. Let's hurry dem up."

The boys clapped their hands and stamped with all the energy of which they were capable—a good deal—and the rest of the audience joined them with vigor and enthusiasm.

But still the curtain remained down, the orchestra failed to appear, the footlights were not turned up.

Evidently, as Dave Lane had said, there was a screw loose somewhere.

The loungers in the lobby became aware of this fact before the rest of the audience, for at eight o'clock they saw the author of the play come rushing in with a disturbed face and engage in an excited conversation with the manager, who, in all the glory of evening dress, had been complacently watching the immense audience as it filed in.

"Here's a pretty fix!" exclaimed the author in a husky whisper as he drew the manager aside.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded the startled impresario.

"Matter enough. Miss Mason hasn't come yet."

"The mischief! Why, it's after eight."

"Yes."

"And the whole company were directed to assemble at seven fifteen."

"Just so."

"She must be sent for instantly."

"I did send for her a quarter of an hour ago."

"And—"

"She wasn't in her flat—there was nobody there in fact."

"Great Scott! what does this mean?"

"Ask me an easy one."

"She can't have gone back on us purposely, can she?"

"No, I won't believe that. Say,

# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

This department is even more important and beneficial to those who are not pretty, but want to become so, than to those who are pretty. It shows you how you may become pretty and how to preserve your beauty. We were all designed to be pretty and attractive, and if we are not it is largely our own fault. Do you know half of us do not know how really pretty you are, what possibilities are hidden in the circle of your eyebrows? You don't know because they are so hidden under a mass of absolutely unnecessary blemishes or short-comings. Your one good glorious point of beauty you have never even discovered, in fact, so lost, it has become in a medley of small faults. Why not be pretty? Why not be attractive and charming? The women who can't be are few and far between, odd as this may seem. Sometimes just one little thing will transform an apparently plain woman into a joy to the eye—a different way of dressing the hair, a study of the waist line, a clearing of the complexion.

## Beautifying the Hands

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

**B**EAUTIFUL hands are indispensable if a woman wishes to be considered as entirely charming, yet it is a sad but well-known fact that unattractive men takes more care of his hands than the weaker sex. Women as a rule consider it important that their complexions should be clear and white and their tresses well kept and glossy, but when that is said all's said in most cases, and yet nothing detracts from a woman's personal appearance so much as ugly, ill-cared-for hands.

It isn't possible for us all to have small aristocratically-shaped hands with long tapering fingers, but it is possible to make a large rough hand with prominent knuckles become smooth and white, covering up the unsightly bones with soft dimpled cushions of flesh and making the dull unkempt nails glow pinkly at the world. And it is not very hard either, not half so hard as some people think.

I know all my girls will be pleased with a talk on hands, as they will be written in repeatedly about the how and the whyfore and have hurried so many hard questions at me that like the old woman in the shoe, "I didn't know what to do." I think this article will answer all your questions. If there is anything I have forgotten, write in next month and I'll see that you receive a prompt reply.

Before I begin my "Talk," I want to thank you all for the interest you have taken in my department, and for the lovely letters I have received. I appreciate every one of them and if everyone has not been answered individually in the "Question and Answer column," it has not been because I lacked the inclination but because I lacked the space. I had all the photos sent to me personally by "my girls" framed and hung in my room, so you see we are really getting to be great friends even though we only know each other on paper.

Have you then, bony hands and do you want them to be plump and delicately dimpled at the knuckles? You do? I'm so glad, because that shows you have a pride in your personal appearance, without which a woman is not quite womanly, according to my way of thinking. It will take quite a while to plump the hands but fifteen minutes given up to this task every day and persevered in for one month will bring the most gratifying results to the beauty seeker.

To gain the desired flesh, soak your hands in very hot water for about five minutes. While this soaking process is going on you must have a bowl full of olive oil heating. By the time the hands are through with their hot bath, the oil will be quite warm. You must now dry the hands thoroughly, after which put them into the bowl of hot oil and keep them there for fully ten minutes. As the oil penetrates the pores which have been opened by their hot water bath, you can almost feel the fattening process begin. When the ten minutes are up, take a soft cotton rag and dry your hands. Do this every day for a month and you will find your hands becoming smooth and soft—and last but not least, plump! Don't be discouraged if it takes a little longer than one month; "Rome was not built in a day," and it is a certainty that if you take this oil treatment for a month or six weeks, you will be the proud possessor of dimpled hands. It is all right to use the same olive oil over and over again, so long as it is poured back in a bottle each time and kept corked in a cool place. It is not at all necessary to buy expensive oil for this purpose. If you cannot secure olive oil, try linseed oil although it is not quite so good. This treatment is not only good for thin hands but can also be used as a cure for the chapped rough condition which troubles so many girls in the winter and early spring.

## Whitening the Hands

As olive oil is used constantly it is apt to slightly yellow some skins. I should advise the use of some whitening preparation every night. A very simple way of whitening the hands is to rub in honey every time you wash them. Keep a jar of honey near the wash basin and massage with it for a moment after each hand bath. When the honey has been rubbed carefully in, rinse the hands slightly in tepid water and dry.

## What to Strive For

The next step in this beautifying of the hand is to see that the nails are kept in perfect condition. A dull, cracked nail can be changed into a transparent, pink smooth nail in a very short space of time. I will tell you just how your nails should look, so you will know what to work for. A well cared-for nail should be thin, smooth, and shine with a soft brilliance. The nail should be filed to suit the shape of the finger-tip, which may be either square, pointed or oval. The half moon at the base of the nail should show forth plainly, as it is the final proof of well-cared-for nails. There should be no callous places or hang-nails to mar the appearance of the hand. Now, listen to what I say, and you'll soon be very, very proud of your hands and nails.

## Be Your Own Manicure

In order to make your nails beautiful to behold, you should have a few simple instruments. First in importance comes an orange-wood stick, oval at one end and pointed at the other. You can buy a package of them for ten cents. If you can't obtain them at your druggist's get one of the male members of your family to cut you one out of hard wood. Next you need a file and a piece of pumice stone. This is all you really have to have although most people have the following articles: Nail file, nail polisher, manicure scissors, emery stick, pumice stone and clippers.

You should begin this treatment of the nails by holding the finger tips in warm soapy water for several minutes, until the nail cuticle has had time to become thoroughly softened. Dry the hands now and begin by cleaning the nail with the pointed end of the orange-wood stick. In doing this, go delicately; for if you push down into the quick, you'll have a very sore nail for several days. After the nails are clean take the oval end of the orange-wood stick and begin pushing back the flesh at the base of the nail, until the half moon shows—not a tiny indistinct half moon but a sharp and unmistakable one. Be careful in pushing down the flesh not to bruise the nail as a bruise causes a tiny white scar, very disfiguring. These blemishes don't grow off as there is no other way of getting rid of them satisfactorily. So work carefully and slowly. Next in line is the rough callous. Use the pumice stone for callous and hang-nails and snip off the hang-nails with a pair of scissors. You will be surprised at the number of tags and ends of flesh to be cut off. Don't be discouraged if the half moons require a good deal of urging before they show forth clearly. Remember you haven't been treating your nails fairly and can't expect them to respond to your first advances.

You must now shape the tips of the nails and instead of doing this with a pair of scissors as you probably imagine, you must file them into the desired shape. Cutting the nails makes them

thick and brittle, which is the very thing you want to avoid. The shape of the nail depends upon the shape of the finger tips. The nail must match them in shape. Don't put a pointed nail on a square top finger, as it looks ridiculous. The rounded nail is the nail of the average woman, the square cut nail is the nail of a business woman and the foolishly pointed nail, looking like nothing so much as the talons of a bird, is the mark of a society woman. Let us hope that your finger tips are either oval or square in shape. The rounded finger tip is the one to have, and you can obtain it by wearing finger thimbles at night. A small-sized ordinary thimble will do.

You should now polish, polish, polish your nails! First scrub them with a soapy nail brush and warm water, then dry, and after scattering a little powder over them use the palm of your hand and polish them until they are fairly glowing. The palm of the hand makes a far better polisher than the chamois covered buffer of the manicure sets. If your nails have had little or no care, it may take quite a few minutes to get up a good shine; but persevere, for it will come and it will make all the difference in the world in your hands.

I think you are now fully posted on the daily toilet of the hands and I shall expect to receive glowing accounts from all of you next month regarding your success, and the improved appearance of your nails.

A great many people are troubled with brittle and corrugated nails and feel greatly mortified over their unsightliness. These ugly appearing nails are noticed more often in older people but you occasionally see them in the younger generation. A little skin food, vaseline or almond oil rubbed on them every night will render them soft and fine and if begun in time will gradually banish the "ribbed" appearance.

If your hands are not graceful and flexible you should practice the following simple exercise: Stand erect, with the arms at right angles to the body. After closing the hand until it becomes a tight fist, throw out the fingers violently as if you were trying to touch ten notes on the piano. Do this twenty times each day. Now try bending the hands up as far as they will go, then as far down as they will go, repeating this movement twenty times.

Following are a few recipes which will prove of use in this beautification of the hands.

## Powder for Damp Hands

Oxide of zinc, two drachms; boracic acid, two drachms; lycopodium powder, four drachms; starch, one ounce; orris root (powdered), one half ounce.

## Glove Cleaner

Gum tragacanth, one half ounce; white Castile soap, one ounce; rose water, one pint; tincture of musk, ten drops.

Dissolve the soap in the water, put the gum in and when swelled, stir till thoroughly mixed, then strain and add perfume. Put the gloves on the hand or lay them flat on a covered ironing board and apply with a piece of white soft flannel. This preparation does not stiffen the gloves.

Lemon juice and salt will remove ink stains. Finger tips stained from hulling berries can be cleaned by holding in the fumes of a sulphur match.

When hands are shrunken and all puckered up from long soaking in water, holding them in vinegar will restore them to their normal state. Morro—Don't neglect your hands.

Good by 'till next month.

## Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

The Queen of Hearts, Farmer's Daughter and others interested in removing superfluous hair. Moisten hairy spot with Aqua Ammonia, one night and Peroxide of Hydrogen the next night. The peroxide bleaches the hair to invisibility while the killing process is going on. This treatment will take from three to six months or more, but it is sure. If the ammonia is a little too harsh for the face use the peroxide two nights and then the ammonia the next, rubbing cold cream on the face if it is again irritated. Do not singe the hair off. Be careful of getting any of the liquid in the eyes. Do not use anything else while using this treatment.

J. W.—Have your son take the Milk Cure to add flesh and build himself up.

Tennessee Girl, Blonde Beatrice and others interested in the Milk Diet. Milk must be sweet and neither hot nor cold, only the chill taken off. You do not have to lie down while taking this diet. Drink one glass of milk every half hour from the time you get up until four o'clock, then stop so that you may have an appetite for a hearty dinner. Do not eat any other meals.

Lonely Bookkeeper, Unhappy, Bonnie Blue Bird and others interested in freckle and brown spot remover. This remedy is very strong and must be used cautiously. Distilled water, six ounces; glycerine, two ounces; Dextrose, one half ounce; oxide of zinc, one hundred and sixty grains; oxychloride of bismuth, sixty grains; corrosive sublimate, six grains. Apply sparingly to affected spot with camel's-hair brush. Pour liquid to be used into saucer and rework bottle at once or preparation will decompose. Be careful!

Blue Bells and others—Use Beauty Bags instead of soap to soften, cleanse and whiten skin, rinse off with clear water and dry with soft towel. Beauty Bags will not make the hair grow.

Little Farmer Girl, M. S. F. and others interested in producing clear skins by drinking hot water, take two glasses of hot water before each meal and before going to bed, at least one half hour before. Boiled water is very healthy.

Walter's Darling, and others interested in eyelash and eyebrow grower, use warm vaseline to make them grow, being careful not to get any in the eyes. To darken them get an eyebrow pencil. Use carefully and lightly or it will show badly.

Sweet Pea and others interested in making hair grow. This tonic will eventually increase growth of hair and stop its falling out: Forty grains of Resorcin, one half ounce water, one ounce each of alcohol and witch-hazel. Apply to scalp each night. I may say here that I cannot make red hair black or brown hair red.

Miss V. S. P. and others who wish to have a dimple, make a practice of holding the blunt end of a pencil or steel instrument against the cheek and press gently into cheek. In time you will secure the much-wished-for dimple.

Wild Rose and others wishing for a good skin food use the following: Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; camomile oil, one ounce; tincture benzoin, three drachms; orange flower water, one ounce. It is almost impossible to secure a vegetable skin food without a little animal fat in it. I think you will be pleased with this.

M. E. N. and others who wish to enlarge bust, massage with soft rotary movements with warm rose butter.

Greenie Body, No. 277 and others—The Vaseline Remedy for bust development is harmless. Must be taken some time. All the ingredients can be obtained at any reliable drug store. One hundred grains of simple syrup, ten grains lactophosphate of lime, ten grains tincture of rose, ten grains extract of ga lega. I also advise fifteen minutes' delicate massage of the bust each day, finishing up with dashes of cold water over chest and neck.

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Olivia P.—You are not too heavy for your height. Little Nell and others of my girls past sixteen. You will fill out more. Don't worry about your measurements for two or three years. Just grow and be happy. You will be all right.

Mrs. D. O.—For trouble with kidneys, I should drink quantities of warm water—not less than two quarts a day and even more.

Zenda Lucille.—Hot water cure will not enlarge the pores.

Lola Lily.—Do not sleep in your stockings. Never sleep in any clothing worn during the day. A loose nightdress is all you should wear.

Clover Leaf.—I do not know of the preparation you mention.

Maggdalene.—There is no drug that can be put in a glass of water that will make a man love you. Looks as pretty and above all as pleasant as you can. Have nice dainty manners and don't let him know you want him to love you.

G. A. H.—Do not use patent medicines on your face. There is a good cream formula in this column.

Midget.—You had better get a cabinet picture for the Contest.

Kansas Sunflower.—For puffy eyelids bathe them several times a day in a weak solution of borax acid.

B. C. and others using olive oil as a massage, bathe as usual. Rub lightly but until the oil is absorbed. The best olive oil is clear and yellow.

Viola.—Massage the wrinkles gently with a good cream. Formula given in the columns of COMFORT. Massage across the wrinkles.

Anxious One.—Bend forward and backwards to reduce your hips. Do this for fifteen minutes each day. Come as close as possible to touching the floor with your finger tips.

Snow Drop and others interested in decreasing the bust.—Massage vigorously with aromatic vinegar.

Buttercup and others who have written on moles.—It is dangerous to try experiment. Cancer has been caused by interfering with them. The electric needle is best.

Cecelia and others.—To brighten and strengthen the eyes, use an eyecup part full of weak boracic acid for the eyes. You can procure the boracic acid at your druggists, also the eyecup.

Big Boy—If you will send self-addressed stamped envelope, I will send you the address of what you need. Can't give address in these columns.

A. E. S. and others.—For thin neck, massage with a good cream, and exercise by turning head from side to side while taking full long breaths. Do this three times day for five minutes.

Wifey—Proportions good, but should weigh more.

Fat Finger.—You cannot make your fingers smaller. Take ring to jeweler and have a little piece put in.

A. J. M.—I cannot remove birth mark. Unless very bad, let it be, or have a reliable surgeon look at it.

Dorothy Vernon and others—I do not know how to make large veins invisible. Perhaps your clothes are too tight. See to it that your dress is loose and that the armholes are loose.

F. E. R., Cal.—Electric Vibratory treatments are good for the circulation.

B. 4.—Any good drug-store should have jasmine perfume. You may get a sachet powder of jasmine. Make very small sachet pads and pin about your clothing.

Gray Eyes, N. Dak.—Mrs. B. D. and others wishing to lengthen and decrease waist, wear a straight front corset.

Gray Eyes.—Massage to remove scars.

E. A. A.—Drink eight glasses of warm water every day. I would not advise Milk Diet if your heart is not just right.

Bertha and Miss B. D.—I am glad to have you join the club. Yes, I have many married ladies among the members.

Blue Bell.—Try and decrease your weight. You should not weigh more than one hundred and sixty pounds. Try dieting and exercise.

Constance B.—Don't think too much about it. I cannot help you, but think it does not look half so bad as you think. Try to forget and have a good time away.

Mrs. A. C. P. and others interested in formula heretofore given for reducing fat. This should be put up at the drug-store. If they have not got the ingredients, have them send for them.

J. H.—I cannot tell you how to remove tattoo marks. See a surgeon for that.

Zua.—For your brother's pimples have him take the hot water cure. For your little girl, bathe her often, let her live mostly on milk, no sweets. Have her drink all the water she will. Keep her out of doors all the year. Let her hair grow, and when long enough, keep it braided loosely.

Miss Eva J.—Do not marry a man you do not love. You can't make yourself love



### Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**W**HEW, cousins, isn't it hot? But keep it out of your tempers. Goodness knows hot weather is enough without adding heat to it. Besides it will be warmer in August and all of us should keep cool in anticipation of our needs of cool things in the Dog Days. Still July won't be so bad, and when it is over, I'm sure all of us will wish we had that much time yet to use, for my dears, time is valuable and when it has gone it never comes back again. Work isn't very nice in summer, but it is better to work and forget it than to be idle and think about it. So let's to work.

Let me see, the first letter I take up is from Blue Eyes, Belfountain, Miss., and she wants to know what she shall do with a sweetheart who is so jealous he does not want her to go with anyone else. My advice is to drop him right now. Jealousy is mean and bad, and is worse in a husband than in a sweetheart.

Proud Agnes, Bridgeport, Conn.—You can't be very proud, Agnes, or you would not try to "capture" a beau. You say, that despite all your efforts you are unsuccessful in getting beaus and you want to know what to do. Well, suppose you stop making any effort and leave that where it belongs, to wit, to young men. Let them try to capture you. They are sure to run away if you try to catch them.

Sweetness, Phillipsburg, Mon.—The young man lacks the true quality of gentleman and you should have nothing whatever to do with him.

Brown Eyes, Cambridge, Idaho.—You might send a post card of remembrance to the young man at the university, but why shouldn't he send one to you if he has not forgotten you? It is not wise to go after any man. (2) Beware of any man who wants you all to himself. You may think it a compliment, but it will nag you dreadfully after a while. Jealousy is a foe to happiness.

Suspense, Attic, Texas.—As you can't marry both of them, and you positively can't decide between them, possibly you might better wait a year or two and see if a third one doesn't come along of whom you are certain. That's the answer. Of course, you don't love either of them.

Muchinlove, Groversville, N. Y.—Let him alone and he will come your way, sure. Just be nice to him and ask him to call in any language that means exactly what you say. But of all things, don't get too anxious.

Troubled Beauty, Verona, Mo.—It is quite proper for you to go to work in the same city where the young man is. I think he thinks a great deal of you and if you don't push yourself on him he will be yours by and by.

Gray Eyes, Rosedale, Kans.—When next you see him tell him his mother said he would call, and ask him why he doesn't mind his mother. Jolly him a little. Of course, when he calls, ask him to call again—if you want to see him again.

Lizzie, New Haven, Ind.—Go with the young man, of course, if he is nice, and write to him, too. You can't live with your father anyway, and he has no right to keep you away from your company, that is good company. (2) Tell the young man to whom your father objects, and whom you don't want to see, that they must not come and if they do come, don't see them. Leave that part to your father. (3) Decline to receive the objectionable party, or to respond to his telephone calls.

Perplexed, Escondido, Cal.—If the man's wife or daughters ask you to visit them, it will be all right to go to his home. But don't go without an invitation from them verbal, or in writing. (2) Brothers are not supposed to count as escorts against other young men and they usually yield their rights easily. If your brother did not object to your going with the young man, you should have gone—unless you didn't want to. (3) As the young man you didn't want to dance with didn't ask you to, don't you think it is almost silly to feel any resentment because he slighted you. I should think you would be glad.

Eugenia, Graham, Texas.—Wait for him to "get up a case with" you, I think is the way. (1) Don't use a larist on him. Give him a chance. (2) Wait till the man is free. (3) Naming your baby brother for your sweetheart might do, but what if you changed sweethearts?

Blondy, Calamus, Iowa.—You say you are very young and also "I have went with him," and, now, dear, don't you think you should put in about a year getting older and studying grammar? I do.

Blue Eyes, Shuqualik, Miss.—You have too many who love you and make you undecided. Drop them all and begin over again with one, only one. If he loves you, you will know it without asking anybody.

Little Toad, Morehouseville, N. Y.—My dear, you are not even a little toad. You are only a tadpole. Wait for five full years and then there will be time enough to talk about sweethearts.

Brown Eyes, Pine City, Min.—I don't suppose it would have been very improper to have kissed him good by when he is to be gone so long, but still if he is the right kind, he will think none the less of you for it. Never worry a moment about not permitting familiarities of any kind. The men who think less of you because of it are not the best men. (2) There is no rule for arms about a girl's waist, whether he takes her home or does not. If your escort expects to be paid that way for his services, disown him.

Black Eyes, Greenway, Texas.—Give him the ring if you fall out, and be sure to fall out and stay out if he is the jealous kind. They are no good.

Trailing Arbutus, Miner's Mills, Penn.—If you are through school you may receive callers. (2) If it is nice to ride home from school with him than to walk, then ride. But don't ride if it will cause gossip. (3) No kissing unless engaged.

Almost Halted, Vernon, La.—It is legal to marry your second cousin, but it is better not to marry your own blood kin. But if you love each other so much, don't see any other way than to marry. P. S. If you are studying to be a teacher, you had better devote all your time to spelling and grammar or you won't pass the examination.

Blue-eyed Lillian, Preston, Kans.—It is usually the custom to shake hands with callers, unless you want to snub them. Well, I fancy it won't do much harm to let him hold your hand, seeing that he tells you he cares so much for you. Don't be anxious; wait a little while and you will see if you are the only one.

Doubtful, Cottageville, W. Va.—You are too young yet to think about beaus. I can see that in your hand writing and your spelling. Think about your school books.

Juno Rose, Turnip, Mich.—Don't marry expecting to learn to love the man afterwards. Love must come before marriage, if it is to be at all the right kind of marriage. No kissing till you are engaged, and no evening calls later than half past ten.

Kitty, Alton, S. C.—"Turn him down." He had no right to ask another young man to take you home so he could go with your sister, and your sister should not have gone with him. Be "snubby" to him if he is "snubby" to you.

Sunflower, Hackett, Ark.—If you are not engaged you may receive the attentions of one man and write to another. (2) If you like the young man you might take him back again, but watch him closely, or you will lose him again. He isn't trustworthy.

Dark Cloud, Conquest, Okla.—Engaged couples may, and do, kiss each other as often as they wish, and it is considered proper. Also they may put their arms around each other. You haven't been engaged very long, have you?

Dot, Warsaw, Mo.—My, my, you don't have a very good opinion of your community, do you? But don't make it worse by marrying an improvident, young man against your parents' consent. They don't want to support both of you.

Blue Eyes, Clarkburg, Tenn.—If you love the man and he is a good kind, the difference in your ages should not be in the way. If you like his child that ought to make the proposition more attractive. But you are of age and must decide for yourself.

Peach Blossom, Hugheville, Mo.—Choose the one you love best, if he is the right kind for a husband. If you are undecided, better wait a year, or two, for that matter, before taking a false step.

Heart-broken, Wallingford, Conn.—There is no way more dear of winning him back unless he wants to come. You can only treat him nicely and let him see you are willing to be good friends. Better lose him and make no sign, than to lose him and have everybody know it. As you are young, try to get someone to take his place, and I think you will succeed.

Seventeen, La Junta, Colorado.—Most certainly you did very wrong to encourage the attentions of the married man. I don't think you are a very nice girl or you would not have done so. Your flirting will get you into trouble yet, and you will deserve whatever comes to you.

Anxious, Remington, Ind.—If he thinks very much of you he will find a way of letting you know. Wait till he does.

Rosa, Istachatta, Fla.—Oh, yes, marry him so he will have somebody to curse when he isn't cursing his mother and sisters.

Roxy Jane, Blackburn, Mo.—Don't bother about the young man. Let the other girl have him. If he cared for you at all, he wouldn't go with the girl you dislike.

M. E. B., Shueyville, Ia.—No endearments unless engaged. Hands off should be your motto. You may please yourself about going with the young man.

Broken-heart, Dallas, Texas.—I think myself, dear, that you "could bear it better" if you found another beau, so keep on trying. There are lots of nice chaps in Dallas, I am sure. You had a right "to raise sand," and now forget him and keep him forgot.

Puzzled, Columbus, Wis.—Sixteen is too young to marry, as I have said hundreds of times. Sixteen is the age to be learning how to be a woman. (2) Tell the man frankly and firmly that you do not want him to see you. If he persists, decline to see him.

Glowing Sunshine, E. Dorset, Vt.—No, dear, I won't tell you which one to marry. Maybe it might turn out unhappy, then how would I feel? If you don't know yourself, I am sure I don't.

Nelly Gray, Ansley, Neb.—Ask him for the explanation he has never given for your separation, and perhaps that will bring you together again.

One in Doubt, Auburn, N. Y.—Why are you in doubt? You don't know the man at all, yet he tries to make an appointment with you. He is merely a "masher," and you should turn him over to the police. Girls must be very green in Auburn if you are a sample.

There, dears, all your questions are answered and we have had quite a pleasant little chat, haven't we? I haven't scolded much and you

Delsia Simpson (19), Independence, Mo. Owning to accident is paralyzed from waist down. Is flat on her back helpless. Mother is old and in poor health. Wants to go to Kansas City for operation but is without funds. Sad case, very worthy. Who will help this poor girl? She is refined and educated. Wants wheel chair. W. H. Grasser, Clarkston, Wash. Helpless has a family to support. Grateful for any help. Has a wonderful flytrap. Write him about it. Roy G. Brown, Big Isaac, W. Va. (30). Unable to feed himself for four years. Helpless. Send quarter for his book. Ernest Neuman, Watkins, R. D. 1, Minn. Shut-in—poor—wants reading matter. No junk. Nanna M. Jones, late of Yorkville, S. C. has passed to her rest. Mrs. C. A. Hottinger, Hebron, R. D. 1, Ohio. Bedridden, great sufferer. Give her a dime shower. Cheery letters, etc. Mrs. Henry Dickerhoff, Louisville, Ohio. Send cheer for her bedridden daughter. Mary Weldon, Gurney, Kans. Alone on a farm with mother who is helpless with cancer. Mary does the farmwork best she can. Very needy-pitiful case. L. J. McClurg, 25 Triplett, Ky. Bedridden three years—needy. Give him a boost. Well recommended. Fulton Lowe, Sheppards, Va. Returns thanks for help received. Bedridden. Send him the price of a box of crackers—he lives on these and milk. M. J. Kline (74), Benton, Columbus Co., Pa. Helpless from rheumatism. Mrs. Kline is sick as well. Very worthy couple. Highly recommended. Give them a boost. Clara Johnson (16), Unity, Ill. Has had a long spell of sickness, and would like cheery letters and postals. Ellen Kinney, South Ave., Brockport, N. Y. Needy shut-in. Remember her. Mrs. Mollie Potter, Corona, N. Mex. Left with five little children. Eldest boy helpless cripple. Mrs. Potter also sickly. All need clothing and substantial help. Boy needs wheel chair. Earl B. Painter (21), 1352 Oak St., Frankfort, Ind. Lost both hands in a sawmill. Sole support of widowed mother. Anybody want to help him? Rosa Atkinson (15), Westfield, N. C. Parents dead. Lives with grandparents, both old and feeble. Rosa has to do all home and farmwork. Needs clothing, quilt pieces, reading and any aid for the old folks. Sarah Johns, 735 W. 7th St., Manitowoc, Wis. Crippled and deaf—wants a deaf and dumb girl to share home with her. Will give her good home and affection. Mrs. J. Hull, Prairie View, Kans. Shut-in. Very needy. Husband old and feeble—unable to leave her to get work. Give her a dime shower. Victoria Butler, Decaturville, R. D. 1, Tenn. Not Lecturville as before given. Mother and daughter both helpless shut-ins. Grandfather who cared for them died recently. Give them your love and help. Mrs. Mary A. Earls, Critz, Va. Shut-in, wants silk pieces, thread, reading etc., etc. Needy. Nannie Pillow, please send your address. Mrs. Emma Richard, Princeton, W. Va. Express office,

"All the world were better lost than you," he said solemnly. "I cannot and will not give you up."

"Take me home—take me home, Lionel," she murmured softly, "and—and, oh, Lionel, Lionel, never let your mother's prediction come true. Shame at my hands you shall never know. There is nothing in my life to bring sorrow or disgrace, and, please God, there never shall be. It would kill me if there should. Take me home, Lionel—take me home to papa."

But my lord held her tightly. He had carried her heart by storm, and he would not relinquish the "vantage ground" until the conquest was complete.

"Let me tell Mr. Carlyle when and where I shall take his treasure from him?" he asked, looking down, into her shy dark eyes. "Let me name the 'day of days' before we leave this lovely spot. May I set it, Isabel? May I usurp your prerogative and tell you when our wedding-day shall be? Look in my eyes, and let me have my way. It shall be on New Year's day, Isabel, we will begin a new year and a new life together. Shall it be so? Look up, and answer."

"I have no will but yours, Lionel," she answered, gravely. "It will be very sweet to begin the New Year together."

He drew her slender jeweled hand through his own and led her back toward the drawing-room.

"God deal with me as I with thee after the New Year dawns," he murmured solemnly; but it was well for Lord Lionel Beresford that the prayer was never answered. "We will leave the palace at once, Isabel," he added. "I have taken the brightest jewel—why should I stay to waste time on the others?"

Ten minutes later they made their adieus and left the royal presence, and as they went down the palace steps to the carriage the soft echo of the music floated to them. The band was playing a dainty ballad of Aubrey's. My lord caught the pretty tinkling melody and hummed as they passed under the shining lamps:

"Oh, love, my love, I loved you  
In those sweet days of yore;  
Oh, love, my love, I loved you,  
But false as fair I proved you—  
And though, through all I loved you,  
I loved my honor more."

In after days Lord Beresford recalled that moment, and he wondered what fate had tempted him to hum those pretty pathetic words when he went down the steps in the springtime of his bliss, with Isabel Carlyle leaning on his arm.

TO BE CONTINUED.

In reading this sequel to Mrs. Wood's famous novel it has reminded many of our readers to ask for the book "East Lynne," and we are now offering it as a premium, in an attractive cloth binding for a club of only three subscribers to this paper, at 20 cents each. "Lady Isabel" will not be published in book form, but nearly every reader will want a copy of "East Lynne" in the house for reference while reading this story.

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So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

F. M. R., Horseheads, N. Y.—Eat simple food with very little fat and grease and drink no coffee. Bathe frequently in hot water using plenty of Castile soap, and thoroughly rub the entire body with rough towel. Don't rub hard enough to scratch the skin. After the rubbing, massage your limbs for ten minutes, kneading the flesh as you would dough. The washing should be done at least twice a week and the massaging every night and morning. Cleanliness and good circulation will make a smooth skin.

Mrs. K. E., Urbana, Ill.—Your case is not for us. Only a physician who can see you often and note the changes in your spirit can properly prescribe for you. No medical long distance treatment can come anywhere near you. Possibly Christian Science might. Have you ever tried that?

B. B. D., Connell, Wash.—There are various treatments for the relief of cataract, but in most cases of chronic type, only a change of climate will be of permanent benefit. We advise you to diet yourself and improve your digestion. One doesn't always know when he has indigestion.

A. T. P., Lacour, La.—By all means see a physician as your friends advise you to do. Why do you wish to suffer when the cure is easy in a physician's hands? Whatever else you do, keep thoroughly clean with hot water and Castile soap. Itch is a dirt disease.

A. B. C., Centralia, Ill.—Change of climate and change of diet would bring you around all right. You've got indigestion and a malarial climate and they are two bad ones to do anything with except get away from. Eat food that you can digest easily, chew it thoroughly, drink no coffee or tea, take a dose of salts three times a week before breakfast, and get out in the open. Try Colorado or Oklahoma, if you get above the malaria belt. At your age you should be ashamed to be in poor condition.

B. D., Milan, Tenn.—Wens may be removed, and often are. Consult a physician about yours. You can't do anything with it yourself, except to make it worse.

Mrs. A. G., St. Louis, Mo.—You have coffee indigestion, or coffee heart, which is the same thing. Stop the coffee and eat only digestible food. Your heart pains come from distended stomach caused by fermenting food that will not digest. You have no heart disease, but some day you will die of acute indigestion, unless you quit the coffee and eat proper food.

Annie Laurle, Bonham, Texas.—The ingrowing nail may be relieved by cutting one or two notches in the end of the nail, and extending them down the nail as far as possible. This will cause the nail to grow towards the center. At the same time raise the edges of the nail away from the flesh at the sides and put cotton under them. The top of the nail may be scratched thin with a bit of glass if you find it difficult to extend the notch in the top down the nail. (2) The salt water remedy for cataract has been tried by a good many people and while it helps some, others get very little benefit.

Mrs. J. G. O., Chico, Cal., offers this remedy for boils which she has tried with great success. One heaping tablespoonful of white sulphur in one pint of port wine, mix, shake well and take one tablespoonful three times a day. Lessen the quantity if it acts too freely on the bowels. For children smaller doses, according to age. She also suggests that a Spanish fly blister applied to felonies will kill them. Plaster just large enough to cover affected part.

O. S. M., Dadeville, Mo.—You are troubled with what are known as bleeding piles. They are a stubborn disease and numerous remedies may be had at drug stores some of them very efficient. We advise though that you get a prescription from a physician. Your typhoid fever probably had much to do with their present condition.

Mrs. E. B. M., Rushville, Ill., offers this remedy for boils: one teaspoonful each of sugar, cream of tartar and sulphur, mixed with enough water to dampen. Take three nights and miss three nights. Repeat until nine doses have been taken. Miss nine nights, and repeat if necessary. It should be mixed as used. (2) A remedy for changed remedies is glycerine if the glycerine be pure. Otherwise it harms instead of helping. First of all, however, the hands should be dried thoroughly after washing. More changed hands result from carelessness after washing than from any other cause. Simple vaseline rubbed on the hands will keep them soft. Rub it in well, at intervals during the day, if necessary, but surely every night and morning. Some of the drug store remedies are very good.

Reader, Byron, Mich.—The best cure in the world for a young fellow of twenty-one who has nothing the matter with him except a "badish and retiring" disposition is to brace up and have a little nerve. Nobody can help you but yourself, and if you can't compete, or won't, with the other young fellows who have all the good times and all the sweethearts, you deserve to get left. Get the badish dope out of your system and give the other chaps the chase. That's all.

F. G. H., Northport, Wash.—Sciatica is a nerve disease which is about one of the worst that it develops fully. No ordinary remedies will cure it, and doctors as a rule require much time to do anything that counts. What kind of a climate do you live in? It should be dry and warm, or dry and cold, but dry, dry.

C. R., McF., Van Buren, Me.—You cannot add to your stature. The Bible said so years ago and nobody yet has shown anything to the contrary.

Mrs. E. A., White Earth, N. Dak.—You cannot be treated through the columns of a newspaper. You must have a physician who can see you and tell you what to do.

May Flower, Sevierville, Tenn.—Rheumatism is one of the most prevalent diseases and there seems to be no definite cure for it, as it is the result of so many different causes. Salicylate of soda is one of the staple remedies, but too much of it will disturb the stomach. If you could get away from Tennessee to the cold, dry climate of Colorado or the hot dry of the Southwest, you would reduce your chances of having it seriously. If you stay in Tennessee you will have to depend more or less upon the physicians. As to your eating, you are the best judge. Don't drink any coffee, and eat nothing which does not agree with you. If you have acidity of the stomach, correct it with a little cooking soda in a glass of hot water, taken at any time. The regular use of soda is practiced by a great many rheumatic persons. Take a little before or after meals and at night before going to bed.

M. E. W., Ada, S. Dak.—The lump is no doubt the result of a strain on the tendons of your wrist. The most effective remedy that you can apply, as you are so far from a physician, is to massage it thoroughly but gently at frequent intervals. Knead it as you would dough and rub it away. It will take time and care, but you will probably remove it before a great while. Be careful not to bruise it. Simply keep rubbing it, deep down.

A. P., Gregory, S. Dak.—If the hair has come out naturally there is nothing that will make it grow again. The work at the boilers has no doubt done the damage and the chances are that the baldness is permanent.

Mrs. H. E. C., Colchester, Ill., suggests the use of wood ashes on a wound before water is applied, to stop the blood and take the soreness out.

X. Y. Z., Lewisburg, Tenn.—It is not a matter to shrink about. Tell the home physician what you have tried and he will tell you whether or not there may be a remedy. We are inclined to think not.

M. H., Blue Licks, Ky.—The physicians are right when they tell you you have indigestion. Have you any Blue Lick water near that you can get as much of as you need? If so, don't drink any other liquid but that, eat no pork, toast your bread hard before eating it, quit the corn bread; eat eggs and milk, and anything else that causes you no discomfort, but don't eat too much of anything, and thoroughly chew every mouthful before you swallow it.

E. B., Camden, Wash.—Spinal troubles are not curable through printed advice. An examination by a physician is necessary to determine the seat of the trouble. Too much depends on the spine to take any risk with it.

B. O. W., Lumburg, Va.—You will either have to try the advertised cures to see if they are effective, or you will have to consult a physician. We advise the latter. There is a cure.

Mrs. T. J., Chillicothe, Ohio.—You have good doctors in your town who will not charge you much for examining your husband. All the advice we might give you as to complicated remedies would be of no value in your hands. You must have someone to see him who knows. As a simple home remedy you might try hot mustard baths for his feet and legs and vigorous rubbing going down the entire length of the leg and up again, slowly, to get the blood to move properly. This should be done frequently.

H. F. M., Centerville, Tenn.—Your best plan is to write to Supt., City Hospital, Nashville and learn from him what they will do for patients out of town. (2) Any physician in your town will tell you of the standing of the physicians you inquire about, much better than we can. Ask any doctor or druggist in Centerville.

Mrs. D. L., West Cairo, Ohio.—We do not know in how many cities there are Christian Science churches. There is one we should think in Cincinnati. Write to Reader, Church of Christ, Scientist, Cincinnati, and see if you get an answer. Write your name and address in corner of your envelope so it will be returned to you if not called for.

E. F. P., West Plains, Mo.—We do not recall what the remedy was you ask about, but it was not one that would take the place of morphine. We do not recommend that anyone use morphine because it is not harmless. Any of the powerful narcotics should only be taken as prescribed by a regular physician. Ask yours for a substitute for morphine.

Anxious Molly, Cummings, Cal.—We should think you had read in this column enough about indigestion to know that you had it. That's all that is the matter with you, it is enough, isn't it? Well, read what we say above to several inquirers on the subject, and take the advice we give. There is nothing the matter with your heart except gas pressure from the stomach loaded with all sorts of food that shouldn't ever have been put there.

M. C. H., Wheeling, W. Va.—Ask any barber or any druggist in your town, and you have plenty of both, what to do for your hair. They'll tell you.

### Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

get them?" demanded Mr. Vanderwent, impatiently.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but you may not wish to have anything that passes between us known to a third party. I heard Miss Muggleton's step on the stairs as we came up."

"So did I," added the merchant, who felt the force of his companion's remark.

"I think that we had better adjourn to some more suitable place," suggested Mr. Twitterton.

Instead of adopting this suggestion, the merchant opened the door, and found the landlady busily engaged in dusting the furniture of the adjoining room. He frowned savagely upon her. She understood him, and went down-stairs.

"Perhaps we had better find a better place, where that skulking woman will not use the key-hole," added he. "Tie up those things, and I will take them home."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vanderwent, but I could not think of parting with these priceless garments," interposed Mr. Twitterton, meekly.

"What, you puppy?"

The young man bowed, but made no reply.

"Do you mean to keep these articles?"

"I do, sir. If you acknowledge me as your son, they are yours. If not, they cannot concern you."

"If you are my son, man, God have mercy on me," exclaimed the merchant.

"That is quite enough sir."

Mr. Twitterton hastily rolled up the two garments, and locked them in the cheap trunk, putting the key in his pocket.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Vanderwent.

"I think our interview has lasted long enough, sir," replied Mr. Twitterton, with compressed lips, for the program had certainly miscarried, just at this point of the proceedings. "After the insulting remark that you made, I have nothing more to say."

"Those garments belong to me."

"No, sir, they do not."

"I am willing to hear your story."

"You cannot hear it, sir," answered the young man, with offended dignity. "I respect the blood in my veins too much to press this inquiry any farther. Henceforth you may go your way, and I will go mine."

Mr. Twitterton folded his arms, and threw wide the door of the attic chamber. Did not the young man really believe that he was the son of the merchant before him? If he did not, he could not have acted the character any better. But then he was looking out for dramatic effects, and, perhaps, possessed an intuitive knowledge of human nature, for this is the capital upon which a considerable proportion of the rogues work.

"But I desire to hear your story," added the millionaire, coming down from the high horse, as his companion mounted the steed.

"Excuse me, Mr. Vanderwent; I will not convince you against your will," answered Mr. Twitterton.

"I am willing to be convinced."

"You beg for mercy, if I am your son. If I am personally offensive to you, I would rather crawl through life as a mendicant, begging my bread from door to door, than thrust myself upon you. That I am your son—your first born—I cannot doubt; and God have mercy upon me, if I am to be repulsed, repudiated, and disowned."

The young man was eloquent, and his speech made an impression on the merchant.

"Perhaps I have misjudged you; but you certainly have made yourself very offensive to me," added Mr. Vanderwent, very gently, for him.

"In what manner, may I ask?"

"Why, you came to my house the other day, and behaved yourself in the most arrogant manner," exclaimed Mr. Vanderwent. "You were my clerk then, but you treated me as if you were my equal, using the most silly and high flowing language. You commenced in about the same way this morning."

"I was your clerk! Perhaps I was indiscreet and inconsiderate; I am willing to confess that I was. But I knew that the blood of the Vanderwents coursed through my veins."

"Coursed through—well, well, no matter."

"It was my blood, and not my situation, that spoke. If I had not known that I was a Vanderwent, I should have been more humble."

Whether the merchant was satisfied with this explanation or not, he accepted it, and withdrew the offensive remark. Probably he was willing to believe that the young man's education had been neglected, and that a few months in polite society would improve his manners. They went down-stairs together, and, baffling Miss Muggleton's curiosity, drove off in the carriage. They went to Delmonico's and Mr. Twitterton ate such a dinner as he had never eaten before.

The meal was finished, and the waiter vanished from the apartment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for new subscription or renewal for one year and continue the uninterrupted reading of one of the strongest serials ever given to our readers. Read the continuation of this chapter, when Mr. Vanderwent cannot resist the conclusion forced upon him, on the one hand, while on the other he can hardly accept it. In the next chapter Charlie Seagrain, through duplicity, is suspected of dishonesty.

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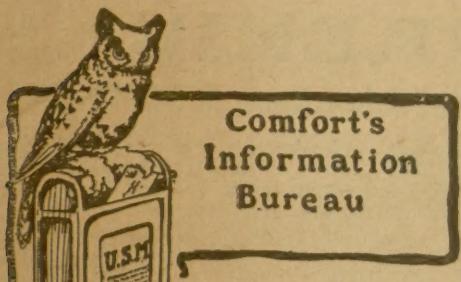
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### Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Ignoramus, Mankato, Minn.—The \$ is reputed to have various origins. A common one is that it comes from the old coin "a piece of eight," the 8 being developed into the present mark. A better one is that it is from the Spanish dollar which had on one side the pillars of Hercules with a scroll wrapping about them, somewhat in the form of a letter S, the pillars making the two vertical marks.

B. M. M., Burton, Texas.—His address is New York City, and a letter will get to his secretary, so directed, but it will never get to him. You are simply wasting postage writing to rich people for money. All such letters are destroyed by secretaries employed for the purpose.

E. L. H., Neihart, Mont.—Water boils at two hundred and twelve degrees, F., at and about sea level. After that it becomes steam, and steam may be superheated. Water ceases to be water above two hundred and twelve degrees.

M. B., Seward, Neb.—You can get it from C. F. Clarke & Co., Leroy, N. Y. Price ten cents.

M. B., Hext, Texas.—Your roses are mildewed. Dust over the bushes flowers of sulphur from a dusting box in which the holes are very fine. Get the sulphur at a drug store, and fix up the box yourself. A spray of one ounce of niter to a gallon of water is also recommended.

M. S., Loda, Ill.—No premium that we know of. Write to Editor Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

G. McL., Rosebud, Mich.—We know of no such firms. Pay no money until you know what you are getting for it.

W. F. P., California, Mo.—As far as we know it is not a regular business and you can only find out by chance. Look over the advertisements in COMFORT and write to some of the novelty companies there. They can probably tell you. Enclose postage for reply.

L. B., E'town, Ky.—We don't know the composition of such paper and suppose it is a trade secret. (2) Designs for wall paper should be worked out in color to show the effect. We cannot give details of the work as only experts or teachers can do that. (3) Good original designs have to be done in some other medium than lead pencil—either ink, or color. If you can do this sort of work at all, we advise you to go up to Louisville and learn something about the practical side of it there.

M. M., Little Pine, Minn.—The firm is reliable as far as we know. As to results we know nothing.

M. M., Thornton, Ark.—There are schools in St. Louis and all cities where chauffeurs are taught, but you will have to go there to learn the details. Read the advertisements in St. L. papers for automobile agencies.

A. L. R., Sturgis, Mich.—Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for information about mushrooms and their cultivation. That's headquarters.

C. V., Atlantic Mine, Mich.—Write Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill. What is a "silver penny?" All we know are copper.

Enquirer, Beaumont, Texas.—We believe some hair doctors claim to restore gray hair to its original color. Inquire of your druggist. There are dyes and washes and combs which will take the gray off, but they are not permanent.

L. J. K., Bowen, Ky.—Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O., about books, lists and prices. (2) Don't invest until you know what you are getting, thirty dollars in your pocket is worth more than one hundred and fifty dollars in some other pocket.

C. C. P., Damascus, Va.—The firm is reliable as far as we know.

If Miss C. M., Musella, Ga., inquiring here some time ago about drawings, will write to Miss L. Bland, Elizabethtown, R. D. 1, Ky., she may hear of something to her advantage.

Mrs. Mary Cross, South Connellsville, Pa., would like to hear from the lady who offered in October COMFORT to send a remedy for enlarged tonsils.

Reader, Louisville, Ky.—Vaseline, we imagine, is the base for most salves, but we are not an authority. Ask your druggist.

H. C. B., Spannuth, Neb.—Write to Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for information about the opening of new lands for settlement.

E. B. J., N. Lawrence, O.—We believe there are several such books, varying in price. Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

M. F. H., Centerville, Tenn.—Dun and Bradstreet do not list unreliable firms if they know it. The firms you mention are like many other business risks—if you make you make, and if you don't you don't. But don't buy till you know what you are getting. (2) "Vol. X, No. 5," as printed on various publications mean that that is the fifth issue of the tenth volume, a volume usually running from six months to a year. "12 mo. and 16 mo." on books indicate their size by the number of folds to the whole sheet.

D. F., Whitesboro, N. Y.—If you will get the book and write to the author in care of his publishers, named on the title page, you will probably hear from him. His name does not appear in "Who's Who."

Inquisitive, Mariette, Mich.—Write to the Home Magazine, Indianapolis, Ind., where you may find the address.

A. W., Craig's Neck, Va.—They are of no value unless you have some way of showing them directly to possible purchasers. Prices paid by dealers to whom you might send such Indian relics would be very small. They buy at job-lot rates.

G. C. Y., Great Capon, W. Va.—He is reliable as far as we know.

A. H., Pendleton, Oregon.—Send a couple of the stones to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., and a couple to Tiffany & Co., New York, N. Y., for examination. Inclose postage for reply. Send small stones. Any first-class jeweler in Portland could tell you whether they were diamonds or not.

W. J. L., Savannah, Ga.—Some of the leading hypnotists advertise and you are where you can find nearly all the advertising mediums. Write to several and get their terms. More depends on the pupil than on the teacher. Try Dr. Quackenbos, Columbia University, New York, N. Y. He is a scientific authority.

L. H. H., Camera, Mo.—Go into your local newspaper office and see how the printing is done. The editor will answer your other questions about picture printing. You can't be told; you have to be shown. (2) We believe the greater part of the U. S. is now "dry"—outside of the cities, at least.

Miss Tessie Henry, Texarkana, R. D. 5, Tex., would like to receive from some COMFORT reader the September, 1907, number of "Sunshine," and she will return the favor in some way.

O. H. J., Trumansburg, N. Y.—The china may be valuable, but if you sell to a dealer you will get only a small price, and the same for the picture. Have you tried to dispose of either to some of your well-to-do townspersons? They will give you a better price than any city dealer.

E. V. G., Cedar Bayou, Texas.—Cuba has no teaching agency in this country that we know of. Write to Governor Magoun, Havana, Cuba, for information.

H. H. Floyd, Pa.—Maine is too far from Pennsylvania for us to know anything about your local timber dealers. Why don't you advertise in the county papers? That's the business way.

R. J. S., Coolville, Ohio.—We haven't time to work

out arithmetical problems. Submit it to your local newspaper. The editor has plenty of spare time. Country editors are never very busy and love problems of that sort.

H. E. S., West Wareham, Mass.—You will have to submit your song to publishers and see if they want it. Boston has several music publishers. Go there and see them, or write to them.

L. K., Rose Hill, Ill.—Your question was answered in June COMFORT.

Reader, Burr Oak, Kans.—Write to Lock Box 222, Terre Haute, Ind., and you will get some enlightenment on the subject.

H. E. K., Coupland, Tex.—Write Editor Numismatist, Monroe, Mich., inclosing postage for reply.

Mrs. B. P. B., Bisbee, Ariz.—Write to George Nichols, No. 199 Crosby St. or to Stevens & Co., No. 46 Houston St., New York, N. Y., about blocks. If you have no druggist in your town where you can get a better cleaner than you can make, these block firms will give you the address of the manufacturer, if you ask for it.

N. S. D., Orofino, Neb.—The poem "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" is by William Knox, and is to be found in various collections and we suppose separately. Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., and inquire if they can get it for you.

S. M. T., Kirkwood, Ga.—If you can't get it from any Atlanta bookseller, write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, as to the best one and the price.

N. C. W., Selma, N. C.—Don't try to work your way through a business college. If you are going to be a business man, get a job somewhere and work for a year or two till you have made enough to pay money. The experience will be valuable to you, and besides a little age is of benefit to a student in a business college. We don't know of any business college taking students and waiting for their pay, and there shouldn't be any of that kind.

E. T., Lore City, Ohio.—Write to John Murgatroyd, No. 18 William St., or to George H. Storck, No. 209 East 19th St., New York, N. Y.

W. H. K., Losantiville, Ind.—Put a free want ad. in Cinti' Enquirer asking for someone to buy your arrowheads.

Mrs. W., Sayre, Ohio.—Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

H. W. B., Keeseville, N. Y.—Success at the law depends more upon the man than the place. Study law in New York City, then go West to practice.

A. H. W., Reed City, Mich.—Go to your nearest country paper and ask for information. You cannot be told how to print, so that you will understand. One of the printers will be apt to tell you more than the proprietor will.

Reader, Tepeka, Kans.—If the correspondence school is so good as you represent, why don't you suggest to its principal to advertise in COMFORT and hear from the numerous inquirers for such schools in our columns? You appear to have a better opinion of the school than its principal does.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

pleasant chamber looking out upon the town and mountains beyond. You'll read to me every morning, while I work for the children of some Dorcas Society, for I shall be a benevolent old maid I guess. Won't it be lendid?" and in her desire to comfort Oliver, who, she verily believed, was weeping because she was not going to marry Lawrence Thornton, Milly half forgot her own grief.

Dear Milly! She had yet much to learn of Oliver's great mystery, and she could not understand how great was the effort with which Oliver dried his tears, and smiling upon her said:

"I trust the time you speak of will never come, for I would far rather Lawrence should do the reading, while you work for children with eyes like yours, Milly," and he smiled pleasantly upon her.

He was beginning to comfort her now. His own feelings were under control, and he told her how, though it would be right for her to send the letter as she promised, Lawrence would not consent. He would come at once to seek an explanation, and by some means the truth would come out, and they be happy yet.

"You are my good angel, Oliver," said Milly. "You always know just what to say, I am going now and my heart is a great deal lighter than when I first came in," she said, and, pressing her lips to his forehead, she went down the stairs and out into the moonlight, with a quicker movement than when she came; for there was stealing over her a quiet hopefulness that, as Oliver had said, all would yet be well.

Monday morning came, and with a throbbing heart, and fingers which almost refused to do their office, she wrote to Lawrence Thornton.

"I cannot be your wife—neither can I give you my reason."

With swimming eyes she read the cold, brief lines, and, then, as she reflected that in a moment of desperation Lawrence might offer himself to Lilian, and so be lost to her forever, she moaned:

"I cannot, cannot send it."

"Yes, you can, Gypsy, be brave," came from the Judge, who for a moment had been standing behind her. "Show Bobum that you have pluck."

But Milly cared more for Law, since Thornton than she did for pluck and she looked the sorrow she felt, while the Judge picked up the letter, still talking:

"It's all-fired hard, I s'pose, but hanged if you shall have him, after Bob said what he did. I'll buy you a set of diamonds, though, see if I don't, and next winter you shall have some five hundred dollar furs. I'll show Bob Thornton whether I mean to give you a few thousands or not, the reprobate!"

And finishing up his talk with a thought of the mortgage he was going to foreclose, he placed his great hand caressingly on the young girl's head, and hurried away to the post-office.

See first page illustration.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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### Virgie's Inheritance

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#### CHAPTER XLI.

"I HAVE MET LADY LINTON BEFORE."

"You have always supposed, Virgie," Mrs. Alexander continued, after pausing a moment to summon all her fortitude for the duty which lay before her, "that your father was dead."

"And is he not, mamma?" cried the startled girl, growing almost as pale as her mother, and casting a terrified look upon her lover.

"No, dear; he is still living, and here in England."

"Mamma!" and the cry of dismay, almost of agony, smote heavily on the fond mother's heart, while Rupert Hamilton gazed from one to the other, a look of wonder on his fine face.

"Be quiet, Virgie," returned Mrs. Alexander, gently. "No stigma rests upon either your name or mine. Although I was most cruelly deserted in less than a year after my marriage; although I was scorned and repudiated by the family of the man whom I had wedded; although I was left weak, unprotected, and comparatively destitute in a strange city—yet I have risen above it all; I have been able to prove that I was a lawful wife; that my child could claim an honored name, and it is for that purpose that I am here in London today. But let me begin at the beginning, and tell you all about it."

She went back to the commencement of her acquaintance with Sir William, although she did not call him by name, and related all the story of his visit to that settlement among the mountains of Nevada. She told how he had won her; how kind he had been to her invalid father, and how they had been married while he was so ill; how, after his death, her husband had taken her to many places of interest in order to win her mind from her grief, and had made himself necessary and was so devoted to her that she had grown to idolize him and to love him the truest and noblest man on earth. She told of his sudden recall to England, while she was obliged to remain behind; of the sudden cessation of his letters; of the arrival at the hotel, where she was boarding, of two English ladies, whom she did not name, who were the means finally of her discovering her husband's faithfulness, his previous engagement to one of his own country-women, and his subsequent marriage with her, in defiance of those bonds that he had assumed in connection with her. She related how she had at once returned to the West, where she had collected incontestable proofs of her marriage, notwithstanding that she had no certificate; how she had been enabled to turn her artistic talents to account and provide for her own necessities. She spoke of the divorce that she had obtained, and her reasons for wishing to secure it, scorning to remain bound to a man who had deserted her, and yet desirous of saving another pure woman from dishonor.

It was a sad, heart-breaking story, and when at length it was concluded, she was nearly exhausted by the effort it had cost her.

Virgie had long since crept to her mother's side, and was now in tears; while Rupert sat near with averted eyes and looking grave and deeply distressed.

"Oh, mamma, why have you not told me this before?" Virgie at length asked, trying to control her sobs.

"Because, my darling, I could not bear to sadden your young life."

"But I could have sympathized with you, and then I need not have paled you by asking so many distressing questions."

"It was better for me to bear my burden alone," her mother persisted; "of course I knew it would have to be told sometime. Now, however, I must soon confront the man who has

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Magdalene, Vanceburg, Ky.—Etiquette does not control post cards. Anybody can send one to anybody else any time from any place. (2) The girl never asks the man to take her home from any entertainment, unless it is a matter of necessity. Etiquette says the man must do the asking in ordinary cases.

Idaho Rose, Pocatello, Idaho.—Don't be too particular, but at the same time don't have as your inquisitors any but the nice people of your acquaintance. (2) We think he is having you merely "to fall back on", and it might be well to teach him a lesson by refusing his further attentions. (3) Unless the church is one which the lady attends regularly, the man should lead the way in. However, it makes little difference how you get into a church so long as you go.

Blue Eyes, Mansfield, Mo.—A five course dinner is about as follows, but may be changed to taste: Oysters, or clams, on the shell, soup, fish, entree, meats, salad, dessert, coffee and cheese. (2) The young man usually asks the parent, or parents, for the girl he wants.

W. R. W., Paradise, Ark.—Better be careful of the lady who is so variable and is always hinting for presents. If she is not mercenary, or at least thinking about what you have and not what you are, she should pursue different tactics. Remember what old man Weller said to his son Samivel about "vidders".

M. P. J. M., New Brighton, Minn.—The girl has no use for you except what she can get out of you and our advice to you is to drop her and drop her quick and hard. But if you want to marry her, go ahead and have as much trouble as a woman can give a man when she wants to, and this one will want to, all right.

X. Y. Z., Richmond, Va.—You may do as you please about the offering, or taking, of arms while walking. Some do and some do not. (2) A lover, too bashful to tell what he thinks, is too bashful to be worth worrying about. (3) It is proper to ask the departing man to write to you when away. It is improper to ask a man to call when he has refused to do so. Why do you want him to call if he doesn't want to?

Blockhead Bill, Ashley, N. Dak.—It is proper to go to see her on Sundays, if she wants to see you. Stay away if she doesn't, no matter whether you like her very much, or not. (2) The young man who objects to a girl going to dances because he does not dance is selfish enough to make sensible girls shun him, and mean enough to be shunned.

Sadie Ray, Oscie, Mo.—No, Sadie, we shall not tell you in which states a nineteen-year-old boy can get a license to marry. There are such states, but no boy in any state, however foolish its marriage laws may be, should marry at that age. If you are old enough to be his mother and will agree to bring him up properly, maybe we might tell you.

Perplexity, Big Run, Pa.—Usually when two young people agree to disagree, all presents are returned and all letters. However, that is a matter to be settled between you. (2) You may do as you please, in asking a man to call, about designating any particular time. In the cities the time is always set, because people are at home so little of evenings. People do pretty much as they please about shaking hands when introduced.

Blue-eyed Cousin, Dry Prong, La.—It is extremely bad manners and almost as bad morals for a married man, who is also a preacher, to be sending post cards to girls. If you have one of his cards show it to the officers of his church and ask them what they think about it. We hope Dry Prong hasn't more than one preacher of that kind, and a few married men.

Anxious Inquirer, Hope, Ark.—Don't be formal about these little amenities of social life. If you want to go home with the girl, or take her anywhere, simply ask her if you may. Formalities for such occasions are ridiculous.

June Rose, Maple, Ind.—The young man should be taught some manners and can only teach him by being independent. No etiquette can possibly give him the right to choose the subjects of conversation between you, nor to say what your conduct shall be. In our opinion that sort of a man is not the sort to see any oftener than is necessary.

Jole, Pana, Ill.—A young lady should not "introduce her sister to a gentleman friend" at all. She should introduce the "gentleman friend"—if you must call him that—to her sister. The man is always introduced to the lady when it is done according to good usage. If the man does not know what your sister's name is, mention it and say: "Let me present, or introduce, Mr. Whateverhisnameis." If they already know about each other you may say: "Sister, this is Mr. ——" Don't put too many frills on your introductions.

Fayette, Belknap, Texas.—To wilfully disturb a couple who are walking and talking together is about as good manners as one might expect to find among Digger Indians, or New York hoodlums. You will probably learn better when you have grown older. Youth is your only possible excuse now.

K. W., Milton, N. C.—We cannot do anything for you in this column. You must go to see a physician.

Blonde Belle, Stayton, Ore.—It is not only quite proper, but improving, for you to write to several young men, as long as your letters are merely friendly, and the young men are intelligent. But don't write "love letters" to more than one, and always be perfectly frank with your correspondents. You write a very good letter, in spelling, grammar and expression, and we commend it to a good many persons who write letters to us.

Sister Belle, Jackson, Ohio.—Going with a girl at all is "keeping company" with her, isn't it? If you mean having an understanding, or being engaged, that depends on the girl. (2) Until a girl is of age she should respect her parents' wishes as to her associates. And even then, unless they object to the man she ought to marry.

Sunshine, Iona, N. J.—You were not called upon to write a post card to the young man expressing your sorrow at not seeing him before leaving, but as you did and he was pleased, we suppose it is just as well. As to answering his letter and continuing the correspondence, tell him your mother does not want you to write to him now, but you may later. If he thinks very much of you he won't like you any the less for obeying your mother.

Richards, Keyesville, Mo.—Don't send him love-some post cards though you have "learned to love him well," and he doesn't know a thing about it. Break it to him gently. Perhaps he loves another. (2) When the shoe of the lady comes untied it is the duty of her escort to tie it. If he does not see that it is untied, she should tell him.

Palmetto, Spartanburg, S. C.—You may do as you please about writing to the man you have never met, but who is introduced by mail to you by a friend. Such correspondence is not at all unusual and sometimes results very satisfactorily.

Bashful Gusta, Curtiss, Wis.—You can only overcome your bashfulness by making the effort. Stop thinking about yourself when you are with people and think about them and what would please them. Then do that. Simply make yourself do this at first, and by and by it will be easy and natural. (2) Ask the young man to call. He evidently likes you and wants to know you better. Give him all the flowers he wants and don't take any pay for them, of course.

Old Subscriber, Duncan, Ariz.—Wait till you are twenty-one and decide for yourself. Never marry to please somebody else.

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## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty (20) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

A. H. P.—We are of the opinion that parents are legally entitled to the control of their minor children, although as a matter of practice their control is often not exercised in such a case as you submit. We doubt that the company you mention could be punished in any way for such state of affairs as you mention.

I. M. D.—Under the laws of the state you mention we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will and leaving no children, but leaving a widow, his whole estate, after the payment of his debts, would go to his surviving widow. (2) While we do not think it absolutely necessary to the validity of a deed for it to be recorded, we think, that in most instances it is better to record the same, for the reasons set forth above in this column.

I. C.—Under the laws of the states you mention we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents to the marriage of the young people will be necessary; it is not necessary for the parents to be present, simply have their consent in writing; (2) that the penalty for giving the wrong age would be punishment for the fraud or mis-statement and the marriage would be legal, if not annulled, but it could be annulled by either of the parties. (3) We think a marriage license would be necessary.

C. H.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that, unless your instructions provided for your accepting a check for the payment of your neighbor's grain, you exceeded your authority, as his agent and could be held personally liable by him for his loss upon the nonpayment of the check, unless, as you say was the case, he confirmed the transaction, in which event he will have to bear his own loss.

Mrs. A. B.—Under the laws of the state you mention we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, leaving no will, and leaving no issue, if you survive him, you will be entitled to receive from his estate all personal property which came to him in right of the marriage, and also one half of the real and personal estate of which he was owner at the time of his death, provided you make a written election to take such property subject to the payment of his debts; and that this election must be in writing, acknowledged and recorded within twelve months after the letters of administration are granted.

S. L. W.—Under the laws of the state you mention we are of the opinion, that a married woman may convey and dispose of her real estate the same as if she were unmarried, and that she may make a will the same as if she were single, except that such will shall not, without the written consent of her husband, deprive him of more than two thirds of her real or personal estate.

T. C.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that, if you can substantiate the fact that your father bought and paid for the land you mention and that it was not turned over to him in payment of the care of your grandmother, and if under your grandfather's will provision is made charging his estate with the care of your grandmother, and if you have not allowed the time to expire for filing your claim for her support, you are entitled to pay from your grandfather's estate for such support.

H. R.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that, if the deed to the property you mention was made out in the names of all three of you, and if the deed was recorded, you can obtain a certified copy from the county officer who has charge of the recording of deeds. We think your dead brother's estate should be divided among those entitled to share in it, and that you should receive not only your own share of the land but also the share to which you are entitled from his estate, and your share of the profits of the land during your father's and brother's life-time.

Mrs. F. S.—It would be necessary for us to see a copy of the correspondence between you and the company you mention before rendering an opinion on the question you submit, but from the way you make us, we think you need not fear that they will be able to hold you in any criminal way for your acts. We think you are in danger of nothing worse than a possible civil action for the value of the goods you mention.

Mrs. F. L. H.—Upon the statements made by you to us, we are of the opinion that the man who holds the money belonging to the dead woman's estate should refuse to turn it over to her minor son and that he should insist that letters of administration be taken out on her estate and pay the money to the administrator, and then the administrator in turn should pay it over to the legally appointed guardian of the minor children of the deceased woman, who in turn would have control of the money during the minority of the infants. Upon their reaching their majority they will, of course, be entitled to receive their money to either waste or use to an advantage to themselves as they see fit.

W. H.—Under the laws of the state you mention we are of the opinion that a marriage between parties within the degrees of relationship you mention is within the prohibited degrees, both at the present time and at the time you mention, we do not think that the children of such a marriage would be illegitimate, in our opinion the only penalty of such a marriage being that the persons contracting it would be liable to punishment.

Little Mischief.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that your sister is entitled to a share of the property you mention.

K. E. F.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that you cannot recover the money you lost in the way you mention.

M. B. D.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the marriage you mention is in force and binding until it is either annulled by a decree of the court or until a divorce decree is recovered by one of the parties against the other, or until the death of one of the parties.

C. B.—We are of the opinion, (1) that all the states and territories require marriage license except Alaska, New Jersey (if residents, otherwise required), New Mexico and South Carolina; (2) that the penalty for the marriage of persons within the prohibited degrees of relationship would be the punishment of the guilty persons, and in addition that it is a ground for the annulment of the marriage in most of the states; (3) that marriage between first cousins is prohibited in the following states: Arizona, Arkansas, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. (4) We have no knowledge of the detective agency you mention.

Mrs. E. W. I.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion that, unless you have given the property you mention to your husband, you are entitled at law to have the sole, separate and absolute control of it.

Gertrude.—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion that upon the death of the man you mention, if he left no will, his property would go to his surviving widow.

Mrs. K. W. N.—Under the laws of the state

from which you write, and upon the statements of facts submitted by you to us, we are of the opinion that from your husband's estate you are entitled to a share of a life use of one third of the real estate and an equal share with the child or children in the personal property. (2) If the little girl you mention was legally adopted she would have the same share as the other child in the estate, but we would have to examine the adoption papers to form an opinion as to whether the adoption was a legal one or not. You should have some local attorney do this. We think you should take out letters of administration on your husband's estate and be appointed guardian of the estate of the children at once.

## A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

Returning, she paused behind her father's chair put her arms around his neck, and interlaced her fingers. Without an instant's hesitation he elevated and shook his shoulders so deeply her hands fell to her side.

"Sit down, my dear."

He built a pyramid with his plump, white, carefully manicured fingers, and the brilliant eyes he fixed on the man beside him held a challenge.

"The sanctity of wills were not debatable, our profession would be barred from browsing in rich pastures of litigation; and 'undue influence,' fostering injustice, has bred strife since its innings as far back as the wrongs of Esau. As sole heir to the Maurice fortune, my daughter can follow her individual wishes and judgment concerning the management of what is indisputably her own, since there could be no family contestants."

He bowed to Mr. Whitfield.

"Judge Kent, if Egliah so decided, there would be, on my part, no contest."

"You are both mistaken. There would inevitably result a destroying contest, with my conscience and my self-respect."

Mr. Whitfield caught his breath as he noted the transformation of the girl's face into a blanched, stony mask. Carefully replacing every package of papers in the box, she looked under the table to be sure none had fluttered to the floor, turned the key in the brass padlock, and pushed the box toward the lawyer.

"Mr. Whitfield, I have several times regretted that this inheritance was left to me; today I deplore it. While I gratefully appreciate your wise and faithful guardianship, I confess I very naturally feel sorry for my own dear father cannot manage my affairs; but I believe that all wills of sane persons should be held sacred—absolutely inviolable. If the Maurice estate is mine, it is on specified conditions that I would no more break than the ten commandments. I shall not marry; therefore the trusteeship must continue until I am thirty, and of all men in the world, except my father, I certainly prefer you should retain it. Only in strict conformity to the provisions by which I inherit will I remain at Nutwood or spend its income; but my father's opinions and wishes are very dear to me, and since he objects strenuously to some of the conditions which naturally wound him, I intend to leave to him the decision of the rejection or acceptance of the inheritance. Grandmother declared that if the terms of trusteeship were violated, it was her wish that I should receive merely the annuity allowed me since her death, and that her entire estate—including Nutwood and the plantations—should be given in perpetuity to childless widows of Confederate soldiers in this state; women whose husbands and sons had been lost in defense of the South. That you as trustee might not contest a flagrant violation of the will is merely an expression of your personal reluctance to chide me publicly; but it is a dubious compliment to any sense of right and justice. Now, father, shall we relinquish the estate to the widows and find a home elsewhere? Sometimes I think it would be best for us in many ways, but you shall decide. Shall we go or stay?"

"Your pretty little prologue is as preposterous as the senseless limitations you are embracing so dramatically; but you are now fully of age—except in Mrs. Maurice's opinion—and since the inheritance is yours, not mine, you must accept the consequences of your own tragic avowal and tie up your hands for some years to come. At least I can congratulate you that all responsibility devolves upon so astute and experienced a trustee as Mr. Whitfield, who will watch over your interests till silver threads adorn your locks and you wear spectacles. Since this matter is settled, be so good as to spare me any

"Come in, Aaron. What is it?"

The butler had knocked twice, and now beckoned to someone behind him.

"A boy with a despatch."

The messenger held up the yellow telegram.

"Senator Allison Kent."

Very deliberately he wrote his name in the receipt book, pausing to trim the pencil tied to it; then, bowing to Mr. Whitfield, "With your permission," he opened the envelope. Egliah saw his face flush, and he coughed twice in a peculiar way she knew indicated deep annoyance.

"Any answer, sir?" asked the boy.

"Yes, but you must wait for it."

He took up a pen, drummed with fingers of his left hand on the table, and rose.

"As I find it necessary to consult a record before replying to this telegram, I must beg you, sir, to excuse me. I hope you will have time to enjoy some of our fine fruit, today."

At the door he called to the butler, standing in a side hall.

"Aaron, order dinner at three o'clock, and the trap at four. I must take the 'cannon-ball' train."

He and the messenger disappeared, and after a moment Egliah withdrew her eyes from the vacant chair opposite, and turned to her guest.

"I think you brought some papers you wish me to sign. May I do so now?"

"When you have examined them, they must be signed in the presence of a notary public, whom you can find at my office, or if you prefer, he shall come here."

He laid a roll of type-written documents on the table and rose.

"Shall I leave the box with you for today?"

Impatiently she pushed it aside.

"Take it away—keep it. I hope I may never set my eyes on it again."

The brooding shadow on her pale, rigid face made the lawyer's blue eyes cloudy.

"Dear child, I have always been the intimate friend of the Maurice family. I loved your sweet, young mother, and I hope you know I am willing to help you in every way possible, and that you will not hesitate to call upon me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for renewal or subscription and read the continuation of this chapter, when a sadly anxious woman fronts the world with calm defiance, and in the following chapter, when the knell of Egliah's dearest hopes is sounded.

## Old Men and Women

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## Virgie's Inheritance

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

so wronged us, and demand justice and restitution for you, and so it has become necessary that you should know all this sad history."

"But, mamma, if he was married to that other woman there may be other children, and—and."

Virgie could not go on, but broke down in distress.

"True; there are—at least I know of one; but that fact cannot effect your claim or deter me from demanding that you be recognized as the legitimate heir; for, of course, unless he made his second marriage legal, after the divorce was obtained, you alone have any lawful claim upon him," returned Mrs. Alexander, in a resolute tone, and with a look that denoted an inflexible purpose.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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1¢

## Be Sure First

by a Test at our risk. Don't spend a penny before you have tested it, before you are sure, before you have seen and felt. We know what we have to offer, we know the public. We trust to the power of what we offer. We trust to the public's sense of Honor and Gratitude. The sick man or woman suffering day by day for lack of the right kind of help, is glad and happy to pay when they get the help. We know this, we know how Vitæ-Ore helps, we know we will get our pay when it does help, and so we take the risk. We want to take it—all of it. We are glad to do it.

It is not a gamble, not an experiment, but a test, and a test that has lead in thousands of cases to positive knowledge that Vitæ-Ore is a right medicine for sick and ailing, poor, thin-blooded, weak, debilitated, worn-out, Rheumatism-racked, Stomach-tortured, Kidney-tyrannized, Heart-frightened men and women. It is a test that leads to our pay and Vitæ-Ore's popularity. That is why we take all the Risk and why we plainly and boldly say to you Don't Spend a Penny until you have tested it.

## You Don't Risk

One Single, Solitary, Red Cent. You must use a postage stamp to write for it or we cannot know that you need it, but we will return a 2-cent stamp to you after 30 days if you ask for it. We want the test to be absolutely, entirely and completely free of any and all cost to you if Vitæ-Ore does not help you. We do not want it to cost you one single penny unless the 30-day treatment benefits you, unless it proves Vitæ-Ore the remedy for your ills, as it has proven the remedy for so many thousands of others. We don't want a nickel of your hard-earned money unless you are glad, willing, happy and proud to send it to us for what Vitæ-Ore has accomplished for you. Then we want our pay and deserve it, but not otherwise! We take absolutely all of the risk. We leave it entirely for you to decide, to say that we have earned our pay or that we do not deserve it. Read our trial offer; read the proof we give upon this page; read what Vitæ-Ore is; read what it has accomplished for others, and write today for the \$1.00 package on 30 days' trial.

## Cured Four Years Ago.

Permanently Relieved of Rheumatism and Nervousness at the Age of Seventy-eight.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I was afflicted with Rheumatism for many years, the attacks being especially strong during last winter. I could not sleep nights on account of the pain, which centered in my back and left leg. My Nervous System was also affected. The doctors who treated me said they could not help me, as I was seventy-eight years old, and my system was entirely worn out. I doctored with so many kinds of medicine that I had a small drug store at home, but nothing helped me. I had new hopes, as summer approached, that the warm weather would bring me relief, but this hope was not gratified, as I grew no better. Then I gave up all thought of a cure, thinking that the doctors were right and that nothing could help me.

One day I read the Vitæ-Ore advertisement in my church paper and sent for a package. After five days it had done me so much good that I was well pleased. After using two packages I was entirely cured of the Rheumatism and my nervous system is now so wonderfully improved and strengthened that I can work as much force and vigor as I could twenty or

twenty-five years ago. Vitæ-Ore caused an entire change in my system, seeming to make a new man of me. I wanted to fit with my report until I was fully recovered that the result is entire and permanent, and I write at this time without the least inducement from the Theo. Noel Company, merely through appreciation toward God and the wonderful Vitæ-Ore medicine. I hope that Vitæ-Ore will continue to be a blessing to all ailing mankind.

REV. JOHN FUCHS, 1007 Ashland Ave.

## Read This Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized \$1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on trial.

## What Vitæ-Ore Is.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

## Re-affirmed Four Years Later.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 21, 1908.—I was cured of Rheumatism by Vitæ-Ore about four years ago, but I use it regularly for two reasons: First: it strengthens my Nerves wonderfully. I am 63 years old and preach every Sunday, do all the work of a pastor and serve the congregation. Second: it keeps my Kidneys in good order so that I have no trouble to urinate, which often is the trouble of old men. I never will do without Vitæ-Ore. If everyone would only know how good it is, no one would be without it.

REV. JOHN FUCHS.

## A Trial of Vitæ-Ore

Will tell to you its own plain story, a story that has meant Comfort, Peace and Happiness to thousands.

**It Is The Personal Duty** of every sick and ailing person to use every possible means to be cured of their ailments. It is not fair to one's family nor to society to remain ill, in an unnatural condition, unfit for the fullest duties of life, if a cure can be obtained. Any sick and ailing person who fails to give Vitæ-Ore a trial on this offer fails to take advantage of one of the cheapest as well as the best curative agents ever offered, the only one honestly offered on the "No Benefit, No Pay" Plan.

**WE DON'T CARE** if you are skeptical, we care not if you have no confidence, it makes no difference to us if you give no credence or belief, it matters not even if you lack hope. We ask only for your personal investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a \$1.00 package on trial. If you need it, if you are suffering, wasting away day by day, for lack of that help and health which it may bring to you, send for it today! It will not cost you one single penny if it does not help. Nothing to begin with, nothing at any time if not satisfied. You are to be the judge!

**IF YOU SUFFER FROM** Rheumatism, Lumbago, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Piles, Running Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Run-Down and Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitæ-Ore right away and see what this remedy will do for you. Do not delay, but send for it today. **ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS.**

**THEO. NOEL CO.,**

Comfort Dept.  
Vitæ-Ore Building

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

## One Woman's Story

Suffered for 15 Years and Exhausted Every Means to Get a Cure.

GARDEN CITY, MO.—For fifteen years I suffered the torture known as Female Troubles. I was treated by several of the finest specialists of the Southern States, and went also to a private sanitarium where I had special attention for several months under one of our best known specialists. I cannot describe what I endured from local treatments and operations, one after the other. I was treated for Anteversion, Retroversion, Prolapsus, Ulceration and Hemorrhoids. Dyspepsia and Rheumatism, together with Nervous Troubles and Liver Troubles. The physicians did all they could for me. I cannot begin to describe my sufferings: they were so terrible that I could not bear to think of the past. I also used all the home treatments I could hear of, buying them one after the other with the hope that I could at least be relieved. Sleep was almost impossible with me. What I ate I could not eat. I gave up all work. My back was so weak that I could not stand on my feet long enough to wash my face and hands. At times a blindness would come over me and midday was as dark as midnight. These attacks lasted fifteen or twenty minutes and I seemed in a semi-conscious state.

Four years ago I went to North Carolina, almost a complete wreck, physically and mentally, in search of health in that climate, but the change did not seem to benefit me. It was then that I first saw the Vitæ-Ore offer and sent for a package and after using it I was encouraged to try it still further. I was used to buying much medicine, and ordered six packages. While using the second package I began to experience a most remarkable relief, which showed me that I was on the right track at last. I continued the use of Vitæ-Ore right along, and now that I am well and happy as the happiest, I still keep Vitæ-Ore on hand and use it occasionally. I never tire of telling others that I've been about dead and buried and was resurrected to life, health and happiness again by the use of Vitæ-Ore. I have never worn a support for a single moment since using the second package of V.-O. I sleep well, eat all I want and could walk ten miles if I wanted to. Vitæ-Ore did all this over four years ago and I remain cured. I would not take a million dollars and be back as I was when I commenced V.-O.

LAURA L. WADE.

## USE THIS COUPON

If You Don't Wish To Write a Letter.

THEO. NOEL COMPANY, Vitæ-Ore Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—I have read your advertisement in COMFORT and want you to send me a full-sized ONE DOLLAR PACKAGE of Vitæ-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay \$1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

Street or Rural Route \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_